AUSTRALIAN
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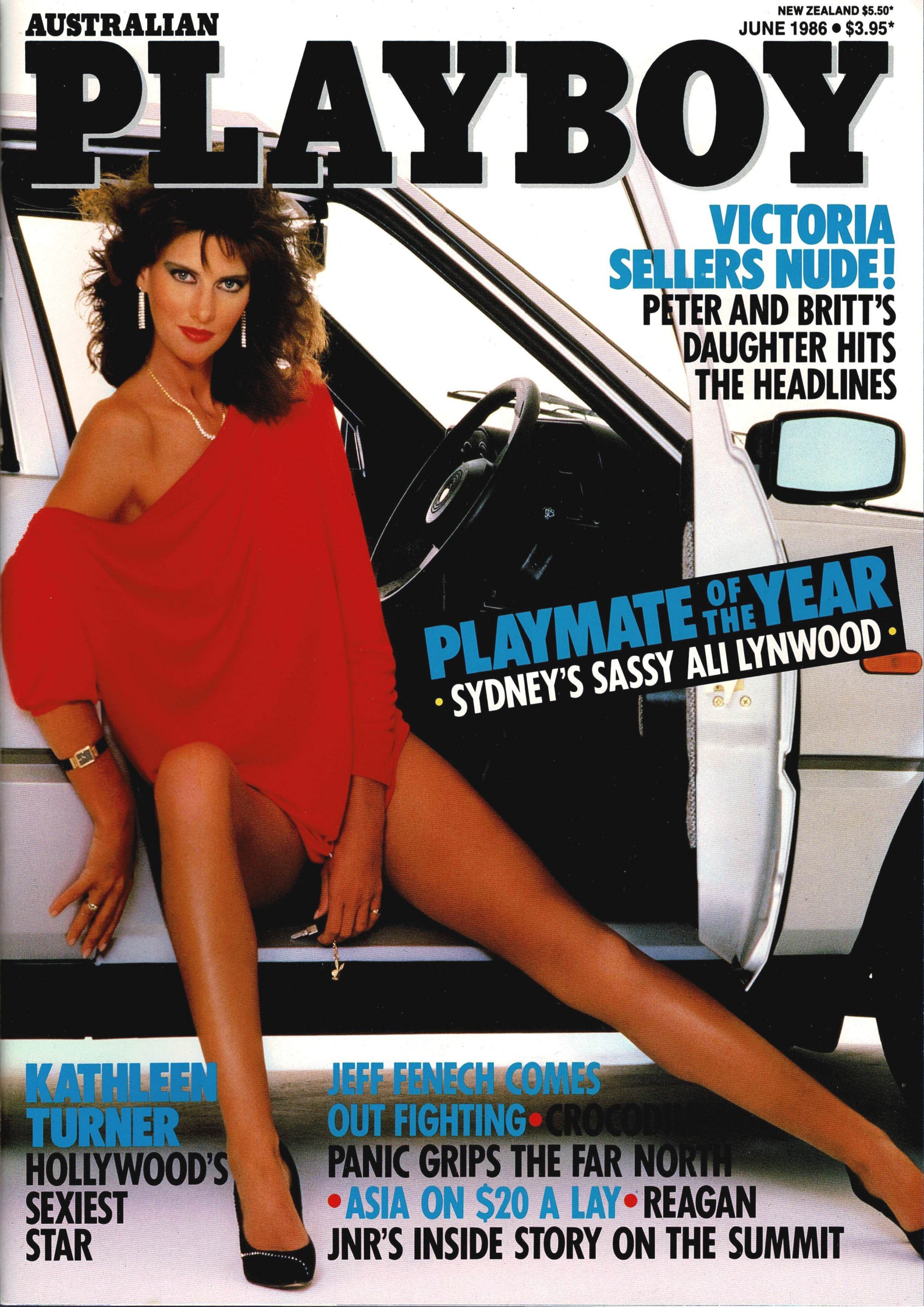
PLAYBOY



VICTORIA SELLERS NUDE!

PETER AND BRITT'S DAUGHTER HITS THE HEADLINES

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

• SYDNEY'S SASSY ALI LYNWOOD •

KATHLEEN TURNER

HOLLYWOOD'S SEXIEST STAR

JEFF FENECH COMES OUT FIGHTING • CROCO

PANIC GRIPS THE FAR NORTH

• ASIA ON $20 A LAY • REAGAN

JNR'S INSIDE STORY ON THE SUMMIT

Peter Jackson 30's. You're laughing!

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IF PARIS WAS A DRINK, IT WOULD BE GRAND MARNIER.

PLAYBILL

It's a month for leading ladies. In this June issue we present our seventh Australian PLAYBOY Playmate Of The Year plus a steamy Playboy Interview with one of Hollywood's sexiest actresses.

Gorgeous Sydney model Ali Lynwood has taken out top honors as our 1985-6 Playmate Of The Year. Ali appeared in the December 1985 issue of Australian PLAYBOY in a knockout Playmate spread that resulted in bulging bags of mail from readers around Australia. Photographer **Bob Watson** shot the original *Long Tall Ali* centrefold spread and we invited Bob back to do Ali's sensational Playmate Of The Year photos.

Another lovely lady with a multitude of fans is actress Kathleen Turner. Star of that red-hot sizzler *Body Heat* plus *Prizzi's Honor, Romancing The Stone* and *Jewel Of The Nile*, Kathleen is a very sexy lady who's been hailed as the new Lauren Bacall. In a frank interview with **David Sheff**, Kathleen refutes such a comparison and reveals herself as slightly zany and totally unique.

Outback Queensland is going through its own chilling, *Jaws*-style nightmare. It's not sharks who are causing the terror and confusion. Crocodiles, those sinister prehistoric throwbacks, are claiming victims in the murky waters of Queensland's deep north. We sent reporter **Robert Reid** to the town of Daintree to investigate the repercussions of the taking of Beryl Wruck by a crocodile last year. He found a bunch of people deeply affected by the tragedy and fiercely concerned about further attacks.

When Ronald Reagan met Mikhail Gorbachev for the landmark Summit meeting in Geneva last year, only one American journalist was allowed behind the scenes to file a report. Ironically enough, that writer was **Ronald Reagan Jnr**, who came back with a unique PLAYBOY report on the media madness surrounding the Summit and a very puzzling personal confrontation with the Russian leader. The artwork is by **Blair Drawson**.

The legendary fleshpots of Asia are a definite lure for any red-blooded Aussie male with a few bucks to spare on travel. It's a rare man, however, who could plunder his way through the sin cities of the East and then unashamedly chronicle his exploits in Australian PLAYBOY. **Peter Roberts** is such a man. He dubs himself "an unrepentant sinner" and his *Asia On $20 A Lay* is a rollicking good read. The art is from the pen of **Chris Payne**.

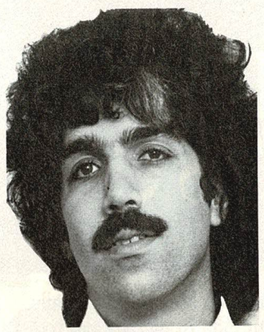
While on the subject of sex, we're going to let you into a little secret. Well, 39 secrets to be precise. Turn to our *39 Things You Never Knew About Sex* and you'll discover a wealth of amazing information to answer questions you never even thought of asking! We guarantee it'll raise a smile. Plenty of laughs, too, in our *Little Annie Fanny* cartoon spread, in which a sexy young starlet lands flat on her back when she referees a pro wrestling bout.

Wrestling may have made a comeback in Australia, but boxing still draws the big crowds, especially when world bantamweight champion Jeff Fenech is in the ring. In a fast-moving 20 Questions, **Kirk Willcox** speaks to the little battler from the backstreets of Sydney about how he's fought his way to the top.

In our special feature, *The Year In Movies*, **Bruce Williamson** and **Graham Barry** review the good, the bad and the simply amazing of the past 12 months. When it comes to our Australian PLAYBOY women, however, there's only one category and that's simply amazing. As proof we have cool and beautiful Marcia Berger as our Miss June, and the divine Christine Richters. We couldn't resist calling Christine's pictorial *The Richters Scale.*

And if your head usually feels like it's been hit by an earthquake on those rugged mornings after, better dip into **Emanuel Greenberg**'s *Sunday Morning Coming Down*, a collection of international bloody mary recipes for heavyweight hangovers.

Leading ladies, frontrunner features and all the right ingredients for a tasty June issue of Australian PLAYBOY. Bon appetit!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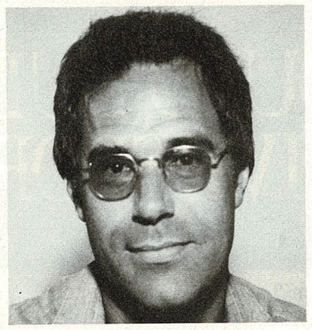
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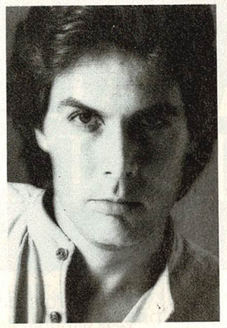
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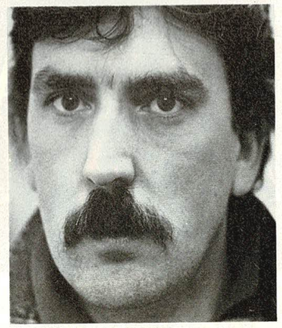
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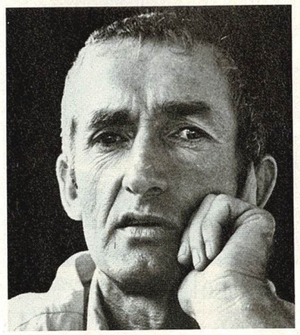
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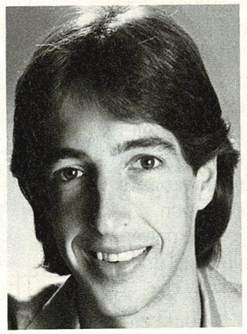
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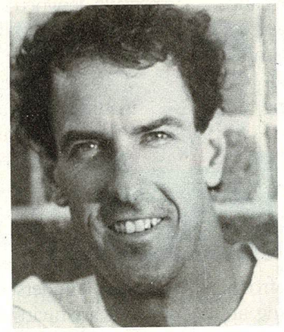
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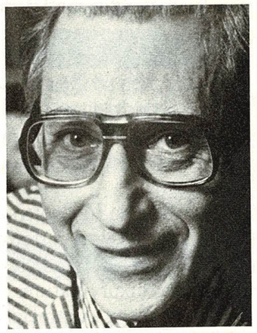
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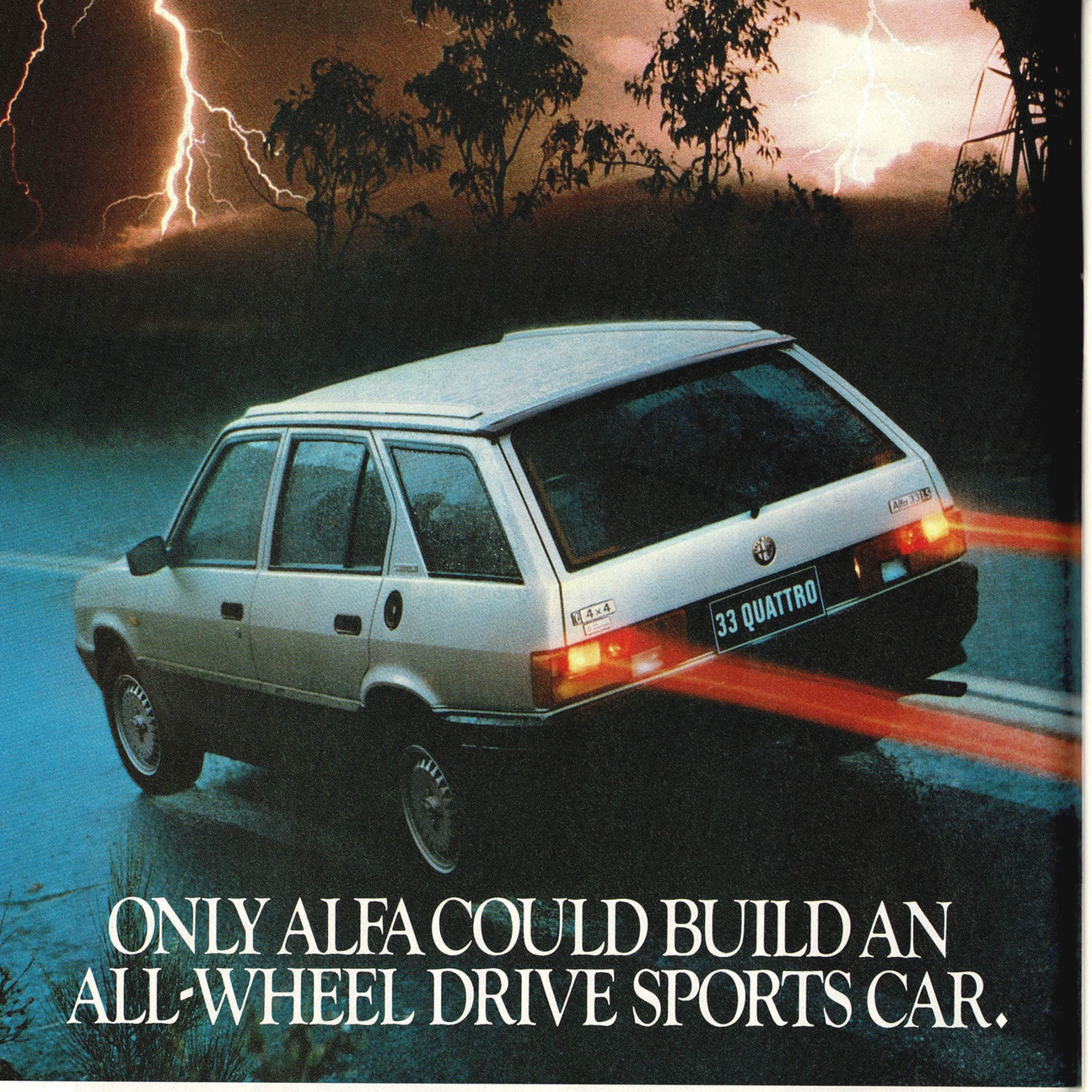

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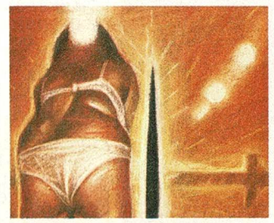

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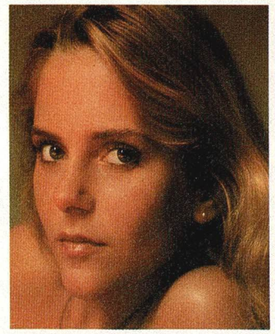

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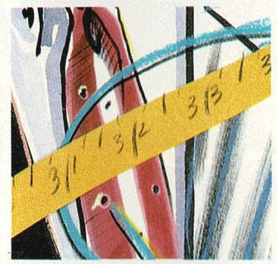

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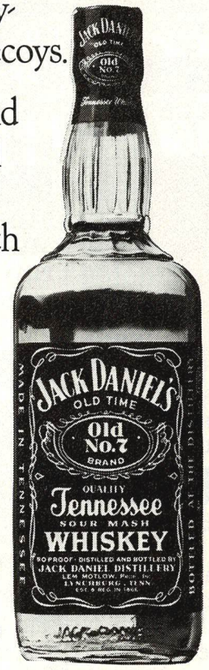
AT THE LYNCHBURG HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE, you'll find everything from darning thread to duck decoys.

And, just a short walk away, you'll find Jack Daniel's Distillery, where we still make whiskey the same way we did 114 years ago: gentling every drop with a process called charcoal mellowing. If you live in a big city, you won't find a store much like Lynchburg's. No matter where you live, you won't find a distillery much like Jack Daniel's.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4156/85 JWT644.P289K1

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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CREDITS
Cover: Playmate Of The Year's shoes courtesy of The Emporio, Sydney; watch from Raymond Weil's Amadeus collection.

DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

ONE OF THE CONVERTED

Thank you for presenting a magazine which is not a blueprint of your American counterpart. The articles by your sex advisers are not only more believable but much more useful than the silly letters about readers' sexual adventures (which are obviously made up) published by one of your competitors.

Congratulations from an Australian PLAYBOY convert.

Charles Wilkinson,
Morphettville, SA.

GOOD ON YER, AUSSIE

Having recently returned after two years in the USA, it's great to resume reading Australian PLAYBOY and to see high standards being maintained.

I particularly enjoyed *The State Of The Nation* piece in your December issue which pointed out that Australia is not really a homogeneous country. That may be, but for all its contrasts and differences, I wouldn't change places to live.

Experiencing life overseas may be temporarily enlightening but give me Australia any day (particularly with delectable women such as Miss December, Ali Lynwood, on the doorstep).

Allen Erskine,
Bondi, NSW.

WHAT A WELCOME

Thank you for Gareth Powell's *Tourist Traps* article (January). How true! I've just been to The Philippines. Upon arrival I checked into a hotel and looked through the tourist brochures I'd been given by the man at the front desk. Following the advice of one publication, I went to a local nightclub. After a couple of glasses of local rotgut (for which I was outrageously overcharged), I staggered out of the club and was followed by three men in their early twenties.

They forced me down an alley, bashed and kicked me and left me penniless. I wound up with a broken arm, cuts and bruises. The local police made three arrests but, as I was unable to properly identify the suspects, they were let go.

Hopefully Powell's article may save some unsuspecting Aussie tourists from similar experiences.

M.J. Collins,
Cronulla, NSW.

MAIL-ORDER GIRL

Look, guys, I'm going to have to be straightforward here. You have a great magazine. Everything about it is wonderful. Now, if this gets printed, you can forget about a subscription (I already have one!) and just stuff Susanna Montag into a plain brown paper wrapper (wearing nothing but her Miss April outfit) and send her to me care of my local post office. Got it?

Philip J.,
Geelong, Vic.

Sorry, Philip, but Susanna says she's claustrophobic and, besides, where are we going to get a 37-24-36 inch padded post bag? We hope you like this extra pic — Ed.

POLICE SET-UPS

Thank you, Australian PLAYBOY, for the Darcy Dugan Interview (April). It's good to hear his side of the story after all those years when he was fair game for every afternoon tabloid that had a few spare paragraphs and some headline space to fill.

The bit that really stands out for me is his description of that last trumped-up charge for robbing a service station, when he claims he was set up by police, who dreamed up the scheme, supplied the gun and were on hand to arrest him. All in the name of getting an ageing larrikin back behind bars!

It reminds me of the situation in the USA when John DeLorean was set up for a huge cocaine bust by the police, at a time when he was desperate for money to save his ailing car-manufacturing empire. But DeLorean was able to prove police entrapment and was allowed to go free.

Why do the police do this sort of thing, acting as agents provocateurs to entice people into committing a crime instead of going out and catching the real crooks? I think Dugan answers that question. It is becoming increasingly clear to the general public that there are more than just a few "rotten apples" in the police barrel.

So congratulations are in order once again: together with your story by Peter Schneidas and the article about how innocent remand prisoners have to wait months, or even years, in jail before they are brought to trial, you're doing a great job in the fight to reform our judicial system.

P.R.,
Ryde, NSW.

SOCCER SHENANIGANS

I enjoyed reading Craig Johnston's panegyric to Liverpool Football Club (April), but as an ex-scouser, I'm a bit surprised he didn't say a smidgeon more in defence of the loyal Kop-ite supporters who I believe were very hard done by in Brussels. The adorable Maggie Thatcher was very quick to condemn her own countrymen from her position of privilege — after all, how could any of those unemployed layabouts from the North-West be anything but in the wrong? But when the emotions were allowed to settle, the facts were rather different.

In the first place, Liverpool supporters did not kill anyone. All those people died when the stand collapsed because safety standards had been criminally neglected. Secondly, as far as a lot of Liverpudlians were concerned, there was extreme provocation. One story had it that a Liverpool supporter had been attacked in the no-man's-land between the groups of supporters. The only weapon of any kind was found on an Italian supporter. And lastly, in this day and age, it is simply asking for trouble to have two sets of supporters juxtaposed in this fashion, and the host club must bear the responsibility.

In these circumstances, the British Prime Minister should have bided her time before judging the tragedy. It says much for the way she has divided Britain into two nations, the haves and the have-nots. And the have-nots, of course, are always in the wrong.

P.B.,
Darwin, NT.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

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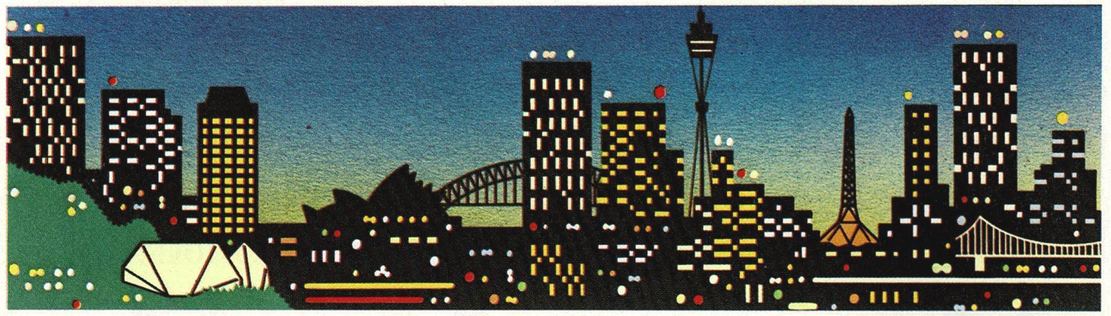
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



THAT'S THE SPIRIT

A driver was arrested in Alice Springs recently for having a breathalyser reading which was three times the legal alcohol limit.

His excuse? His son had just cooked him lunch and had used a flask of rum marinating the steak and making the sauce.

A magistrate referred to the incident as "most unusual" and let the man off with a temperate sentence: a two-year good behavior bond and a donation to his favorite charity.

WHAT A LOO LOO!

This one comes from our Department Of Significant But Indecipherable Statistics: according to a handbook published by England's Central Office Of Information, this year for the first time there are more British households with TV sets than with indoor dunnies.

HOLE IN ONE

Then there was the case of the Australian tourist and the Hong Kong hooker. It appears the young lady was in dire need of some fast cash and was reduced to offering her services from a playground in Wanchai, the heart of Hong Kong's Suzie Wong district.

The couple were caught by a patrolling policeman who stated in evidence that the young lady was in a kneeling position on one side of a wire mesh fence while the foreign gentleman was standing on the other with his member protruding through a hole. He also told the court that when he interrupted the proceedings, the Australian visitor said, "Sorry, officer. I thought the young lady was at her devotions!"

TREASURE CHEST

The late Hollywood star, Betty Grable, made headlines years ago when she insured her magnificent legs for a million dollars. These days, however, there's big business in insuring bodily parts.

For example, Marie Osmond's neon-bright choppers are insured for a cool US$2 million, Farah Fawcett's blonde mane is covered for the same amount, and Wonder Woman herself, Linda Carter, has a policy for $4 million protecting her long limbs from threats to truth, justice and the American way.

The voluptuous Dolly Parton has her whopping breasts covered for $3 million with Lloyds of London. "They're not really all that big," explains Dolly. "They just *look* big because I'm just a little gal and they're hanging on a small body!" Sure, Dolly, sure!

UNDERCOVER AGENT

Who is the loudest woman in Japan? Sachiko Sakai won the fifth annual Hall's Year-end Shouting Contest in Tokyo with a screech of 109.3 decibels. With no amplification. (Eat your heart out, Chrissie Amphlett.)

Ms Sakai doesn't need a microphone because she understands motivation. What she screamed was, "Thief! Give me back my underwear!" There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that this will be the title of Ms Amphlett's next.

MAIL-ORDER MILLIONAIRESS

Readers of *The Hong Kong Standard* newspaper were rather surprised a short while ago to come across the following classified ad: "English gentleman, young professional, offers a proposal of marriage to a wealthy lady, opportunity to live in England, dowry required 10,000,000 pounds sterling, please send photograph and details."

We have our doubts about the ad's chance of success. Consider what it would cost the bartered bride (working on an exchange rate of approximately A$2 to £1) if you take the interest on the dowry as about A$2.4 million per year, and work on the basis that this pommie may, at the most, perform his husbandly duties three times a week.

We work out she would be paying approx A$15,000 per screw. And, as we all know, poms are renowned for being under-endowed and short-lasting, so it's gonna cost this dame around about $5.34 per centimetre per stroke. . . We say, nice work if you can get it!

MUSICAL CHAIRS

If nature calls at the Gate Cinema in the London suburb of Kensington, filmgoers can sprint from their seats, install themselves in the toilets and tune into the film soundtrack.

It seems the 240-seat cinema has recently been revamped and the new audio system is just one of the little extras offered to patrons.

BONSAI WARRIORS

The skills of the marketing executive know no limits or natural boundaries.

In Japan, where the male inhabitants are reputed to be a bit on the miniaturised side when it comes to the sexual organs, condoms are available in various sizes. Just so no one feels more like a bonsai than an oak tree, the smallest size on the market is called *el grande*.

HOT PROPERTY

We've heard of copies of Australian PLAYBOY being nicked from barber shops and doctors' waiting rooms, but it seems some of our fans will go to extraordinary lengths to get their hands on a copy.

Earlier this year thieves broke into a shop in a Canberra satellite suburb and caused some $200 worth of damage to a window. The booty was not, as one may expect, drugs, diamonds or even video cassette recorders. The owner reported to police that the only items of stock missing from his shop were four copies of Australian PLAYBOY.

Told you we were hot, but didn't realise we were *that* hot!

COURT IN THE ACT

Sometimes the person on trial doesn't get all the attention during public court hearings. We know of one recent court case where a young woman seated in the public gallery was summoned before the judge. Seems the attractive lass had been making love with her boyfriend during court proceedings.

When the judge demanded to know the man's name, she coyly replied: "Sorry, your honor, but we only met 10 minutes ago!"

With over half a million kilometres of sealed roads in Australia, you may have to drive a long way on bitumen to get off the beaten track.

Yet most tyres that are built for the bush can't come

conditions. The Bridgestone Steel Radials gripped the rock surfaces with confidence and ease, whilst the sidewalls flexed beautifully.

After hard abuse and punishment, we noticed no

wear life and noticeably reduce road noise on bitumen roads.

And the flexible sidewalls keep the tread flat on the road giving outstanding adhesion and excellent steering stability – even on the wettest of roads.

Bridgestone Desert Dueler: a dual purpose tyre that is not just another compromise.

Rather, a tyre that is totally at ease on or off-road.

BRIDGESTONE

Desert Dueler. Built to survive the outback and the road back.

to grips with "civilised" roads.

Especially in the wet.

What is needed is an off-road tyre that performs like a passenger tyre on the road. And vice versa.

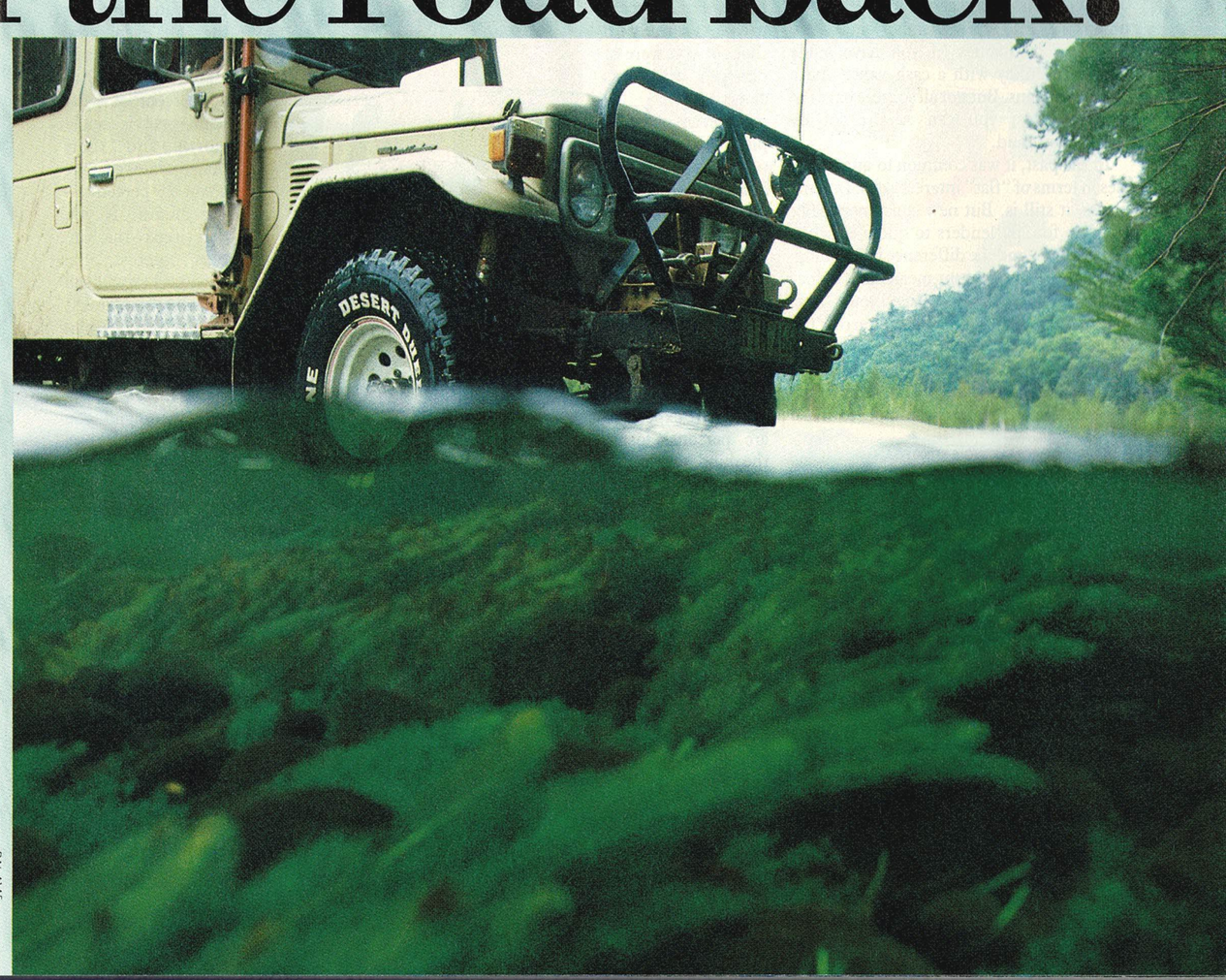
Bridgestone Desert Dueler gives you the versa without the vices.

As Bushdriver Magazine reported: "We couldn't fault the Bridgestones in rocky or boulder, gravel or sandy

fractures, bruising or damage of any sort."

The same advanced steel belted radial construction that makes light work of any heavy going in the bush easily handles the irregularities of the "civilised" road.

The precisely angled dynamic block tread pattern of the Bridgestone Desert Dueler minimises all tread movement, to provide a longer



BAL4145

MONEY

If you have to borrow, shop around; the interest can make all the difference.

Sometimes you just can't avoid going into debt. Cars always seem to break down when bank accounts are empty and dentists can become very impatient with those who fail to pay their bills. (I think it's the high monthly payments they make on their Mercedes.)

Bad luck can't be helped, but avoidable debts are another matter. Borrowing money just to take a holiday or to buy something frivolous makes people feel guilty. Nevertheless, there are times when even the most conservative person finds something that *must* be purchased, regardless of cost. Whether it's an executive teddy bear — you pull its string and it says, "You're on your way to the top" — your own video juke box, or something as mundane as a yacht, sooner or later we all wind up borrowing money. This year, we will borrow more than $15,000 million to finance consumer purchases (up from about $4000 million 10 scant years ago).

There are many borrowing options. Trading banks, finance companies, credit unions (if you are a member) and even insurance companies (if you have a life insurance policy with a cash value) make consumer loans. But not all sources have the same charges; you can save a lot by shopping around.

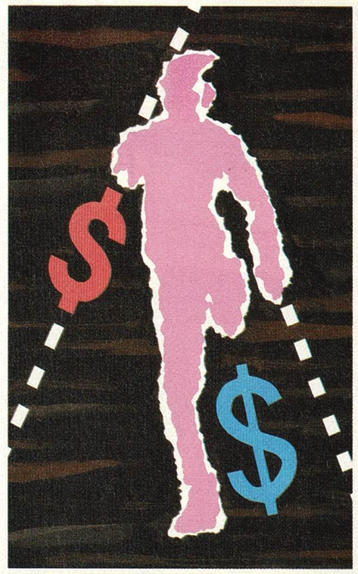
In the past, it was common to quote loan fees in terms of "flat" interest rates. In some places, it still is. But new consumer credit laws are forcing lenders to quote effective interest rates and the difference is revealing. A flat rate of 10 percent means that a one-year $10,000 loan will cost you $1000 interest ($10,000 x .10). If you borrow the money on January 1st and pay it back (plus interest) on December 31st, then the effective rate is 10 percent, the same as the flat rate. But it's more common to make monthly repayments, which means you actually have the total $10,000 for only one month before you start paying it back. The monthly repayment is $916.67 ($11,000/12 = 916.67). Thus, after one month you have only $9083.33 of the original $10,000 left. After two months, you have $8166.66 left, and so on. After eleven months, the entire $10,000 is gone and you still owe $916.67. Over the entire 12 months, you have use of only about $5000 per month ($4965.28 to be exact). For this, you pay $1000 interest. The effective rate, therefore, is not 10 percent, but 20 percent per year ($1000/$5000 = .20).

FINANCING A $1000 LOAN

Effective Interest Rate (%)	Monthly Payment	Total (Principal + Interest)
	ONE-YEAR TERM	
10	87.92	1055
15	90.26	1083
20	92.63	1112
30	97.49	1170
	TWO-YEAR TERM	
10	46.14	1107
15	48.49	1164
20	50.90	1222
30	55.91	1342
	FOUR-YEAR TERM	
10	25.36	1217
15	27.83	1336
20	30.43	1461
30	36.01	1728

Note: Figures are calculated on monthly payments and rounded off to the nearest dollar.

Of course, interest is only part of the story. Service charges, loan establishment fees, stamp duty and even life insurance premiums (to pay off the loan should you die) are all charges payable by you, the borrower. Add those all together, and it is not uncommon to find that you are paying 1 or 2 percent more than you thought you were in charges and fees alone.



By far the cheapest place to obtain a personal loan is a bank. The best deal is a cheque account with an overdraft. Overdraft rates for loans under $100,000 are generally about 2 percent higher than the interest banks pay on interest bearing deposits. Somewhat more expensive are personal loans, the kind you repay with fixed monthly payments. Those are easier to obtain than overdrafts but will cost you 2 to 3 percent more in interest. For relatively small amounts, you can usually get a cash advance on your Bankcard. Cash advances must be repaid in payments equal to 5 percent of the total, or $5 per month (whichever is greater). At 20 to 21 percent interest, Bankcard loans are about 3 percent dearer than personal loans.

Credit unions charge slightly more than banks but they generally have fewer fees and charges and they almost always have less rigid requirements about who they will lend to. Provided you are a member, and can make the repayments, they will almost always make the loan.

Finance companies are the largest source of consumer loans, but they are also the most expensive. According to the Redfern Legal Centre's annual consumer credit survey, some companies charge as much as 140 percent interest. These are the exceptions, of course, but even the leading companies charge a lot. For example, the last survey published in late 1985 listed AVCO, a large finance company, as charging 31 percent interest, Custom Credit at 29.8 percent and Esanda at 25 percent. When you consider that these rates prevailed at the same time that banks were charging 18 percent, you can see how expensive such loans can be. (Those of you who shop at Waltons may be interested to know that their personal loan rate was reported by the Redfern Legal Centre to be a whopping 40 percent.)

If you are really desperate for cash and even finance companies will not lend you any, pawnbrokers will usually extend credit, but they are even more expensive. They will lend you only 30 to 40 percent of what your gear is really worth and their interest rates average about 25 percent — per month! If you don't repay the loan plus interest, the pawnbroker will sell whatever you've left with him. Loan sharks are even worse than pawnbrokers. Fail to pay what you owe them and you could wind up with broken kneecaps.

Assuming you find someone to lend you money, try to pay it back as soon as you can. Long terms and low monthly interest payments may seem attractive, but the longer it takes you to repay, the more interest you will have to fork out.

Early repayment will also look good on your record the next time you seek a loan.

If you have no record of savings or successful borrowing, you may have to provide collateral for your loan. Even if you have not previously borrowed money, and have no security to offer, you may still qualify for credit if you can find someone with sufficient assets to guarantee (or agree to pay back) your loan should you default.

— SETH GREGORY

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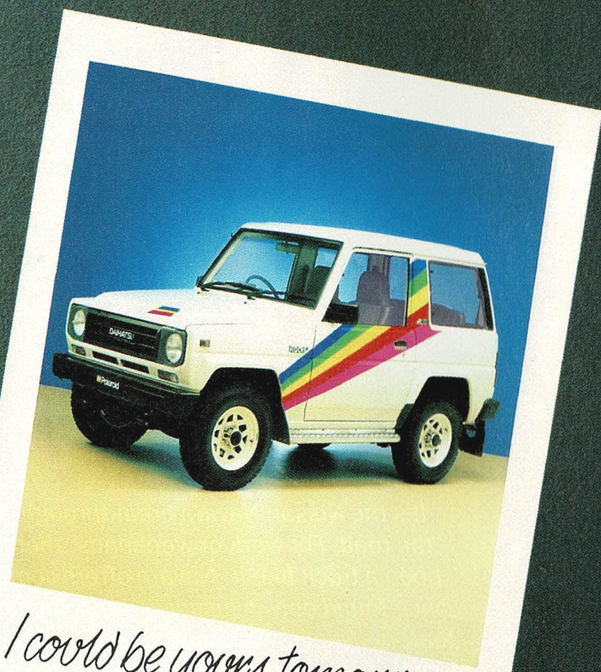

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NISSAN KNOW-HOW

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35.24

MEN

We've all heard about women's rights but how about some legal protection for your average bloke?

The Wimp Bill it was called, the Quiche Bill. Last year, when one Elijah Cummings stood up in a US State House of Delegates and offered a bill that would create a commission to study the probems of contemporary men, his proposal was met with derision.

Cummings did not give up. "Our men are in trouble," said the Yank politician. "Don't kid yourselves, they are in trouble." He reported that after the initial reaction last year, some legislators later approached him and admitted he had a good idea, though they would never admit it publicly.

This year, along with a colleague, Anne Perkins, Cummings is offering another resolution that calls for the creation of a task force on manhood, fatherhood and family relationships.

Personally, I hope the resolution passes. We men can use all the help we can get, and if governmental agencies want to advise us, so be it. But I hope the task force focuses on something the legislators can do something about, that is, the status of men under the law.

For 20 years, the public debate has centred on feminist issues, and we've heard a great deal about women and injustice. This would be a good time for a group of legislators to take a look at the laws that govern men and to ask what kinds of legal protection men might need in this culture.

The cliche is that men have it all their way when it comes to the law. Nothing brings out the eternally smouldering war between the sexes faster than a discussion of legal matters. Our conflicting interests become more glaring when we are trying to decide who gets the kids, who goes to war, who pays the piper.

Women seem much more ready to face these questions and lobby for their interest than men. Feminists are tough-mindedly staking out their positions on the law, campaigning for them, articulating them. Men are mostly silent.

Why? Well, for one thing, women are paying women to do this work. Feminist organisations are also financial organisations with budgets and programs. You'd be hard-pressed to find equivalent male organisations because men find it hard to believe they are threatened.

Why? It's simple: the idea that male and female interests truly clash is discomfiting to most men. It takes the soft focus, the romantic tradition, the worship of women, and turns the world on its head. "You mean," the male hesitates to ask, "that women are actually out to get the better of me? How can that be? They look so beautiful and feel so good and I need them so much. No, I'll just go on with my job and pretend I don't see the legal writing on the wall."

Sooner or later, men will wake up to the fact that they have specific needs and interests under the law, too. What follows are some examples of laws I think should be passed. I submit them to Bob Hawke and his boys without apology.

Vietnam Veterans' Full Employment Act: Don't talk to me about deficits and then spend thousands of dollars on swank dinners at The Lodge while your veterans collect the dole in dead-end suburbs. If a man serves his country, then his country can turn around and make sure he's got a job.

Joint Child Custody: What a surprise it will be when men are included in the child-raising process during and after the divorce. Child support payments will be more forthcoming if the father feels he's part of the lives of his children, not just a conduit for support and alimony.

Family Violence Relief: The feminist perspective seems to be that men are brutal, women are victims, and all that's needed is for the male to be punished in cases of family violence. Studies show, however, that women *initiate* as much physical aggression as men in domestic quarrels, and until this law is passed, which will bring the entire family into a counselling situation, the male will continue to receive total blame for a pathology that is complex and many-faceted.

Equality Of The Sexes National Service: Men and women are called up in equal proportions, should national service ever return. The excellent record of women in the military services is enhanced, and the sexes share the risk and reward of national defence together.

Longevity Studies Act: More attention is paid to the shorter male life span, its causes and cures. Male patterns of behavior and upbringing are more thoroughly examined, as are male medical problems.

•

Those are just a few of the things that a male-oriented task force could take into consideration. If my list is a bit too serious for you, here are some modest proposals for laws I would like to see on the books by tomorrow:

National Male Appreciation Day: Okay, it's been a long couple of decades, and we men have absorbed a lot of lecturing and criticism from the feminist front. I propose a national holiday for men — make it June 19th, my birthday — and the following rules apply:

(i) All women must salute us when they see us.

(ii) While saluting, they must say: "I am glad you exist as a male and I thank you for making my life more interesting."

(iii) All men will be served breakfast in bed on that morning by the person of their choice.

(iv) I get first choice.

Emergency Massage Act: Men are subject to great stress in their lives and jobs, and they are also very physical creatures with a tremendous need for comfort, stroking and reassurance. Under the powers of this Act, if a man lies down in a public place and yells "Oly Oly Ocean Free", the woman nearest him must, I repeat *must*, give him an hour's warm-oil massage (materials to be delivered by paramedics if that woman was so short-sighted as to forget her oil and towels that day).

Fantasy Sports Hero Law: This is accomplished by lottery; at the beginning of every televised sporting event, one man from the crowd is chosen to be Sports Hero of the day. He is brought into the locker room, dressed in the proper equipment, led on to the field, and all participants allow him to score that try, hit that six, take that high mark, kick that goal. Yes, he knows it's a set-up, and so does the madly cheering audience, but who cares? Walter Mitty lives forever in every male heart, and it's about time we got some recognition for that.

"There ought to be a law," feminists frequently say.

Yeah. There ought to be a lot of them. But in the final analysis they'll have to protect *all* of us. — ASA BABER

WOMEN

Whether it's inventing boyfriends or standing you up, no one can beat a woman at playing games.

Cleo," I said, "you're popular, you have a lot of boyfriends, do you ever play games?"

"Games." Cleo looked at me as if I were speaking Serbo-Croatian. "Charades? Hide the sausage? Trivial Pursuit?"

"No, no, no. I mean like have-a-bloke-call-you-when-another-bloke-is-there-to-make-the-first-bloke-jealous, or dowsing-your-pillow-with-Brut, or pretending-you-have-another-date. Those games. Jealousy games."

"You mean before or after I reached voting age?" Cleo asked.

"Quick!" yelled Rita from another aisle. "Yellow shoes!"

A bunch of us were working our way down the main street of town during the drastic sale season, the only time we could afford it. We converged on Rita, who, always very tall, was suddenly 190cm, parading around in vast yellow heels.

"I'll buy 'em," said Rita.

"I wouldn't, darling," said Lucy, "you're already taller than your boyfriend, with those on you'll look like Gulliver travelling. Wear flatties."

"Fuck flatties!" said Rita roundly.

"Is that what you mean by a game," asked Cleo. "Not being taller than they are? Not wearing heels?"

"Well, yes," I said, "well, no. Well, maybe. But more than that I mean those cold-bloodedly consciously calculated and complicated games. The kind where you sit around and think of things that you hope will make a man go mental."

"I remember those," said Lucy fondly, "wasn't it great being a teenager? Talking all night on the phone, concocting elaborate schemes to show how little we cared about *him*? Pretending to have another date to the school dance. Parading past his house with your brother's friend from the wrestling team. Suddenly standing him up on Saturday night. It was all so gloriously cruel. I'd like a pair of pink shoes. Shall I try these on?"

"Some grown-up women are still allegedly doing this stuff," I said darkly. "I've heard rumors that such tactics in mansnaring are still being employed. I find it extremely hard to believe. Who would do stuff like that?"

"Although I already have seven pairs of pink shoes," pondered Lucy, "would eight pairs be excessive?"

"Wrap 'em up," Rita said to the saleswoman. "The type of games you play, or whether you play games at all, seems to me to have to do with maturity. Some people can be 42 and still have teenaged souls. For them it's still all about the chase, about who wins, about egos."

"They forget the part about having to live with a yobbo after they've reeled him in," said Cleo. "This was my major problem with my ex-husband."

"What do you mean?" asked Lucy. "No, never mind what you mean. Let's get out of here, we've ransacked this place. I need to find a peach silk shirt."

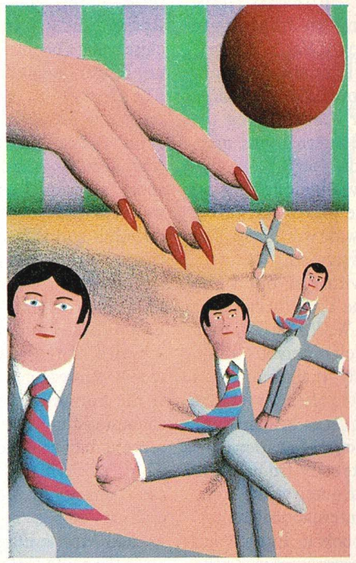
In the next shop, we all watched Rita prance around in an orange paisley jumpsuit.

"It's ghastly," I said. "Just because you're a redhead does not mean you must wear orange. Try green."

"Herb likes orange," Rita said, "and he says jumpsuits drive him wild."

"You're a weird woman, Rita," I said as Cleo came sashaying along in a black silk dress that fit her like a sausage casing.

"Do I look sexy?" she asked.



"Naturally," said Lucy, "in a sluttish sort of way."

"Oh goody," said Cleo, "now I will finish that story about my ex-husband. It is my theory that you can have the most bloody impossible man on earth if you want him. If you work at it slowly and surely, he will be yours. My ex-husband was the worst. Very 'hey, darl, I'm a travelling man, don't fence me in.' But I worked at it and worked at it and in the end I married him. What a mistake that turned out to be!"

"Why was it a mistake?"

"Because I didn't really want him. I just got caught up in the machinations. I mean, the sex wasn't even that good. He was cold. He was boring. All he talked about was old rock'n'roll and how everyone was screwing him. What do you think with this dress? Black lace stockings?"

"Might be gilding the lily," said Lucy. "So what you're saying is, with the right man you don't have to play games."

"Ha, ha, ha," said Rita, "remember Julia? She met Richard when she was 15 and he was 25. She finally married him 15 years later, seven years after she had his kid. I remember when Richard was in Melbourne and she was in Sydney, they were allegedly broken up. Yet every time she got wind that Richard might be involved with another girl, she would show up in Melbourne, wearing an engagement ring. That girl got engaged three times during the course of their relationship, and she always got them to give her rings. Finally she and Richard had a big Catholic wedding. That girl knew what she wanted."

"So what you're saying," said Lucy, "is that it's okay to play games as long as you're sure you've got the right guy?"

"I've got to try and do something about my hips," I called from the dressing-room as I tried gamely to push them into stretch pants. "Also I think game playing is infantile. It's just a question of not being pushy. Not over-enveloping a fellow. Nobody likes it when you're immediately in his pocket. You give him too much power. I mean, I hate it when people get all moony-eyed over me in a second and glue themselves to me every chance they get."

"Yeah," said Cleo, "that means they could fall for the Ayatollah or anybody, Charlie Manson, say. You don't feel special."

"But we don't like premeditated games," said Lucy, "the kind of games that hurt people. I mean, I'm always delighted when I come home with a bloke and there are several messages from other blokes on my telephone answering machine. But I would never set that up. That's wrong, that's hideous."

"And it's also prone to backfire," said Rita, "if that happened to me I'd be so discouraged I'd go away."

"Whatever happened to truth, to honesty?" I asked.

"Oh, that's all much too '70s," said Lucy. "People told each other everything in the first minute of meeting them. Truth and honesty should be a slow process, taking years."

"Which is why I have been known to wear control-top pantyhose," I said, emerging from the dressing-room.

"Which is why I suspect I like clothes better than men," said Lucy, "much more fascinating." — CYNTHIA HEIMEL

SPORT

Okay, so Australia no longer shines at international sport but we're world-beaters at Aussie rules.

My newsagent Kev keeps me in typing paper and imported magazines and fancies himself as a closet sports commentator.

"What about those Wallabies?" I said by way of conversation back in '84 after the green and gold rugby giants had grand-slammed the best of Britain into orbit.

"Who gives a fish's tit?" replied Kev, who sails when he's not motoring around the neighborhood slinging rolled newspapers into bird baths. "Outside a half a dozen or so countries, nobody would know a Wallaby from a Wombat. And what about all points south of Canberra? There's nothing but Aussie rules down there. They barely know rugby exists! We Aussies are awfully bloody good at sports nobody else plays!"

And with that he darted over to the restricted sales shelf to harass three schoolkids conducting an impromptu anatomy class over a copy of *Hot 'n' Hungry*.

Ever since Australia lifted the America's Cup, little ol' sports-lover Kev has had a wasp in his sou'wester about putting the green and gold on the international map. Just like Bondy or Bondi.

"We shouldn't be wasting our time on sports that nobody else plays," says Kev. "We're part of the big, wide world now," he adds with just a trace of sarcasm.

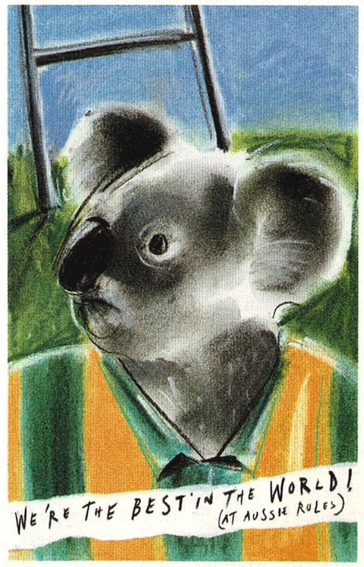
Part of me agrees with Kev but I also reckon if it's okay for the Yanks to call their baseball blow-out the World Series, then we can afford to be self-righteous about something as gloriously indigenous as a VFL grand final. Every so often we venture out into the world and do as brilliantly or poorly as might be expected of a nation of 15 million. Now that everybody from Rio to Rotterdam wields a racquet, we've come back to the field in international tennis. They've built indoor pools in Europe and we've had to adjust to seeing swimmers who wouldn't know a dumper from a duck dive churning past us in a sport we once took for granted.

It's a big, tough competitive world out there: just ask guys like Phil Anderson, the super-talented Aussie cyclist. He's been pedalling the legs off the world's best and, if he can hang in there, just might win himself a Tour de France. Now, there's a *real* international event.

If the Aussie soccer team had to beat only as many countries as the Wallabies or rugby league boys, then we'd qualify for every World Cup final rather than being rated somewhere between 50th and 150th in the world. And that's where I find myself leaning Kev's way just a bit. You can't deny the rugby lads or our cricketers their status, but it's all relative. How can you claim to be kings of the heap when the heap doesn't exist?

Across the horizon there occasionally bobs the odd reminder that we *are* on the world sports map. The inaugural Australian round of the Formula One motor racing championship was a near perfect example; so was the World Cup athletics held in Canberra. "What about the America's Cup?" says Kev, pointing to the support team sticker he carries in his shop window. "Surely that's true international sport?"

"I guess it is," I respond while I secretly reflect on the absence of entries from the yacht clubs of Bombay, Phnom Penh and Sao Paulo. Twelve metre racing or any other up-market sport is not high on the Third World's priority list. International sport does come with a price tag and I can't imagine the Addis Ababa Adidas franchise being a boomer, or Kevlar sailcloth breaking sales records in Karachi.



So I asked Kev what is international sport, anyway? Can we call the world downhill and slalom championships truly international when the nations of South-East Asia, South America and Africa aren't represented? Is the Formula One championship truly representative if the Third World nations can't scrape up the cash to roll a re-worked Morris Elite on to the grid? Hang gliding? Now there's a beauty. If those kites were available to everyone there'd be refugees flying over Berlin Walls, China Seas or Beirut barricades in search of something more substantial than a sports title.

Take soccer, the world's most popular game. In South Africa there are more blacks playing soccer than whites playing rugby. The irony is that apartheid keeps those blacks out of world soccer while some of the rugby playing nations aren't so choosy about who they ruck with. While the Springboks get the occasional run at international level, the black soccer stars stay on the reservation. Just how international is that? And what about when we have two national cricket sides supposedly representing Australia? Is that good or bad for the cause of true internationalism?

And having delivered myself of this tirade, I gathered cigar and magazines and scooted for the door.

On Monday, Kev, newspaper hurler of true international standard, landed my copy in the bird bath. Sore loser, that Kev, I muttered, wringing water from my daily. And that prompted the thought that maybe we are shy of hot international standard sport because as a nation we have an aversion to defeat. There have been plenty of examples to support such a premise. Cast your mind back to the Montreal Olympics and the public vilification that ensued from the swatting we took in swimming. Never mind the fact that competitors such as Stephen Holland had swum personal bests and the rest of the world was on a dramatic catch-up plan. We couldn't tolerate seeing the green and gold finish down the pool in a sport in which Australia had once been supreme. Suddenly, we found that we didn't like swimming as much as we thought we had. For a few years it slipped into the popularity realms of other international sports such as cycling, soccer and athletics. Meanwhile, games in which we've ruled supreme because they have limited international appeal have maintained their fascination.

The rule seems to be that once other nations take "our" sports seriously, as in tennis and swimming, we cease to be number one. And that made me wonder at the wisdom of our football administrators. There, inside my soggy sports pages, was a story relating attempts by rugby league to extend its influence behind the Iron Curtain while VFL's telecasts on a US sports station were seen as a way of popularising the game in America. If the Russkis and Yanks take a pause from plotting the earth's destruction to have a serious stab at our footie codes, we'll cease to be number one. And better that nobody else in the world play footie than something that catastrophic should ever happen.

— A.D. AIRD

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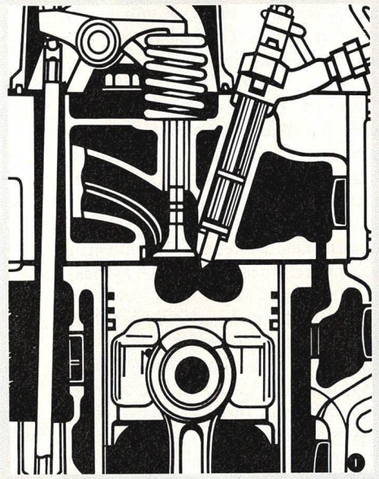

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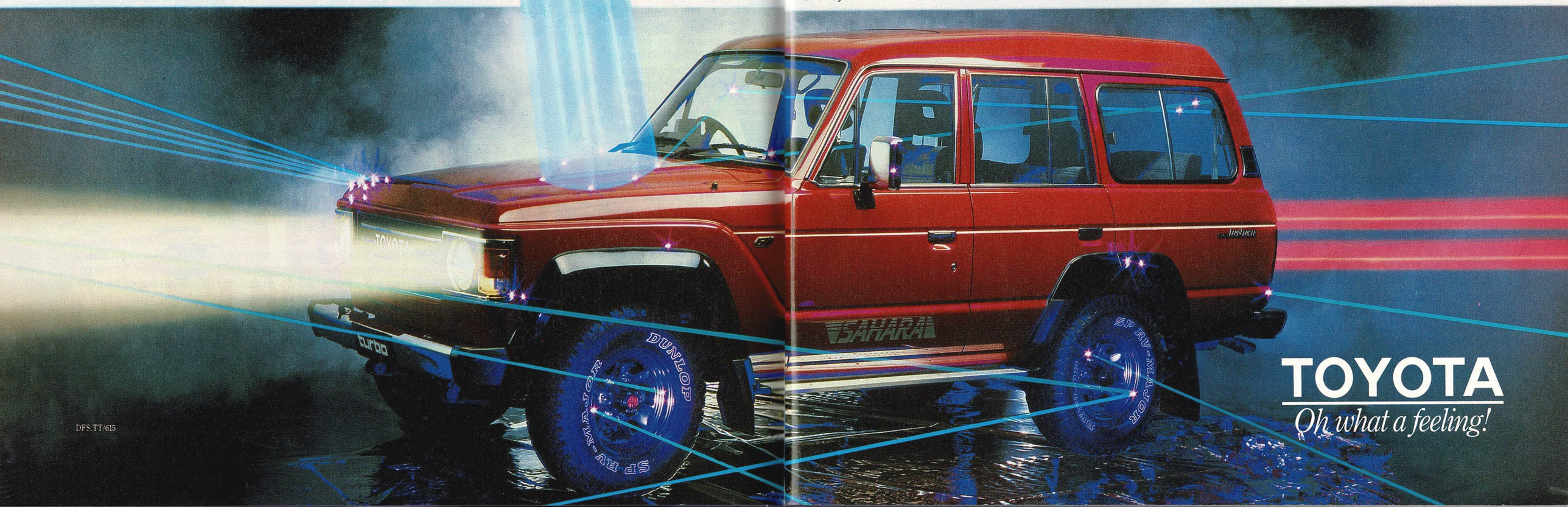

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TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

SHOWBIZ

Nick Nolte loses his dog, Kim Basinger loses her cool, and Sting loses the Police and goes solo.

HOT PASTRAMI: After the huge success of *Flashdance*, director **Adrian Lyne** has followed up with a real sizzler, *9½ Weeks*, which caused something of a sensation at its world premiere in Italy by breaking house records established by the likes of *Rambo* and *Rocky IV*. To find out why look no further than the bruised, sensual lips of **Kim Basinger** and the shy, slightly sleazy smile of **Mickey Rourke**. Together they

Kim Basinger sizzles for 9½ weeks.

set the screen on fire with a destructive passion which goes completely out of control. Evidently this was one property which turned out to be much hotter than anyone bargained for and the movie has had to be considerably toned down from the original concept. Basinger plays Elizabeth, whose life revolves round the art gallery where she works until she meets John (Mickey Rourke), a mysterious businessman who immediately recognises in her the same sexual appetites as his own; appetites which include domination of a kind which leads inexorably to the end of the affair. A lot of the heavy stuff with handcuffs and the like has ended up on the cutting-room floor but what is left is hot enough — what might well have been a *Story Of O* rerun has come out as another *Last Tango In Paris*. It depends on your sexual tastes which you'd have preferred, but one thing is certain, *9½ Weeks* establishes Kim Basinger as an actress to be reckoned with.

•

REELING AND ROCKING: **Stevie Ray Vaughan** has written some music for the next **Ron Howard** movie, *Gung Ho*. . . the avalanche of soundtrack albums continues with **Prince**'s *Under The Cherry Moon*, **Talking Heads**' *True Stories*, and **David Bowie** and **Sade**'s music for *Absolute Beginners* in which they star with **Ray Davies, Paul Weller** and **Nick Lowe**. . . watch out for a new home video, *Women In Rock*, with footage of and interviews with **Janis Joplin, Jackie DeShannon** and **Kim Carnes**. . . believe it or not, 1985 was a big year Stateside for '60s country rockers **The Grateful Dead**. The band was the fourth biggest concert attraction behind **Bruce Springsteen, Prince** and **Phil Collins**!. . . **Helen Reddy** working on a self-defence video. . . take note: **Michael Jackson** will have earned back his $US47m ($A70m) investment in the ATV music catalogue in 10 years even if he doesn't merchandise it. He gets paid every time one of the songs is used for anything, and 251 of them were written by **The Beatles**. . . despite all the brilliant performances and the graphic interviews with **Sting**'s new band in **Michael** *(Coalminer's Daughter)* **Apted**'s musical documentary on the star's new solo career, *Bring On The Night*, the scene which sticks in the mind is the birth of Sting and **Trudie Styler**'s baby son Jake — on camera. A strange mixture of cocksure and amiable, Sting comes across as one pop idol who's up himself with good reason, but brilliant as it is, the movie is unlikely to repeat the success of **Talking Heads**' all-performance *Stop Making Sense*.

•

WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE? Certainly not **Nick Nolte** as Jerry, the tramp who tries to drown himself in a filthy rich coathanger manufacturer's pool in *Down And Out In Beverly Hills*, destined to be *the* monster comedy hit of 1986. From the moment kindhearted Dave Whiteman (the welcome return of **Richard Dreyfuss**) rescues Jerry and takes him into his mansion he finds good reason to regret it. The anarchic tramp, somewhat cleaned up, gives Dave's wife Barbara (**Bette Midler**) her first orgasm in seven years, screws the Mexican maid and turns her on to Karl Marx, persuades Dave's son to come out as a transvestite and, as the final straw, beds the darling daughter Jenny. . . Watch out for **Little Richard**'s first screen role as the millionaire record producer next door who sniffs in disgust when some Arabs move in up the street ("Hmf! There goes the neighborhood"), and stunning **Tracey Nelson**, daughter of the late, lamented **Rick**, as the almost anorexic Jenny. And

Dreyfuss and Midler do their best for Down and Out Nolte.

why did Jerry want to drown himself in the first place? Because he'd lost his little dog Kerouac. Why does he stay? Probably because the household boasts the most screamingly funny dog in the history of movies, the schizoid Matisse who boasts his own doggy psychiatrist. If the film *looks* great too, it's because director **Paul** *(Moscow On The Hudson)* **Mazursky**, who adapted the story from a French classic by **Jean Renoir**, insisted on Aussie cinematographer **Donald** *(Breaker Morant)* **McAlpine.**

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies
by graham barry

A Private Function Dirty dealings in post-war Britain with a pig as the incomparable Maggie Smith's passport to social status. ♥♥♥♥

Agnes Of God Psychologist Jane Fonda investigates The Case Of The Pregnant Nun. Doesn't get anywhere. ♥♥

Eleni US reporter returns to native Greece to find civil war criminal who tortured his mama, the wondrous Kate Nelligan. ♥♥♥

Jagged Edge Did Jeff Bridges hack his wife to death? Lady lawyer Glenn Close sure hopes not. Good cliffhanger. ♥♥♥

King Solomon's Mines Makes Stewart Granger version look like *Gone With The Wind*. The pits. ♥

The Official Story Argentina attempts to understand the dictatorship it condoned, then overthrew. ♥♥♥

Out Of Africa Arguably Meryl Streep's finest role as Karen Blixen in classic autobiography, but it sags. ♥♥♥

Remo, Unarmed And Dangerous Spoof of Chuck Norris, karate and wishful thinking. Spot Joel Grey. ♥♥

Sweet Dreams The Patsy Cline story, with Jessica Lange making a luscious queen of country music. ♥♥

Twice In A Lifetime Hackman leaves Burstyn to find life after 50 with Ann-Margret. Up-market soap. ♥♥

White Nights Russian defector crash-lands in Russia! Thrills, spills, song and dance — and propaganda. ♥♥

Young Sherlock Holmes Murder and mayhem at school with superb Spielbergian special effects. ♥♥♥

♥♥♥♥ Don't miss ♥♥ Worth a look
♥♥♥ Good show ♥ Forget it

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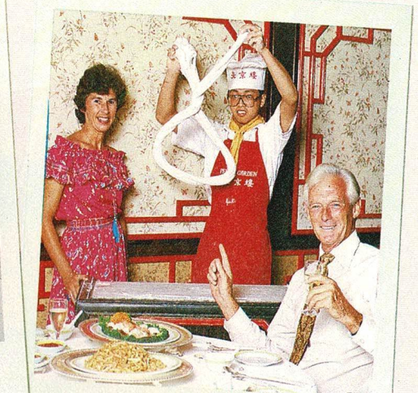

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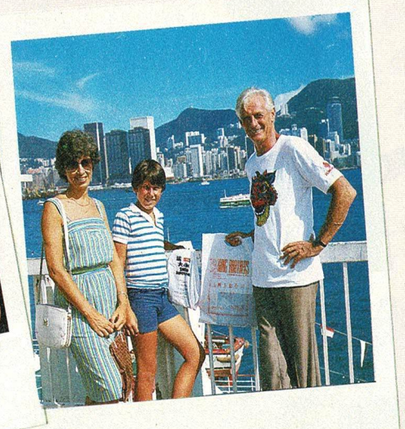
"There's more to do in Hong Kong than just shop."

"Jamie gets wired for sound."



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: KATHLEEN TURNER

A candid conversation with Hollywood's hottest leading lady on typecasting, torrid sex scenes, and the art of romancing co-stars on camera.

"Everyone," says one Hollywood executive, "stars and directors, wants to work with Kathleen Turner. There are bigger box-office names, but not for long." As world-renowned critic Andrew Sarris summed up: "One might say that a star is born when one begins mentally casting her for everything in sight. And so it is with Kathleen Turner at this moment in film history."

Acting was not the obvious career for Turner, the daughter of a US diplomat who was stationed in many foreign countries. When her father died in London, the Turner family returned to Missouri, where Kathleen enrolled in Southwest Missouri State in Springfield for undergraduate study. She soon found a home in a theatre group. She moved to the University of Maryland to continue her training in acting and, after graduating, to New York to seek fame and fortune. Although it was not an overnight success story (she worked as a waitress during one lean time) Turner landed an off-off Broadway role and then a spot on a soap opera within a year. Eighteen months later her agent called in a favor and got her an interview for the part of the ultra-sexy Matty in Body Heat.

Turner, who in 1984 married real-estate developer Jay Weiss, lives in Manhattan in a manner untypical by Hollywood standards. She grants few interviews, and, as a result of this and her exceptional roles, has built up a kind of mystique around herself. She has been called "perhaps the movies' first authentically mysterious presence since Garbo was hiding in plain sight".

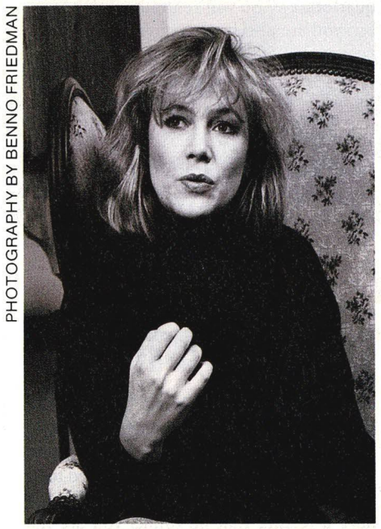
It was clearly time for PLAYBOY to catch up with Turner, so we sent contributing editor ***David Sheff*** *to get to know her on the sets of both Jewel Of The Nile in Nice and Peggy Sue Got Married in Northern California. His report:*

"Watching her before the camera is enlightening. In Peggy Sue Got Married, she was doing a simple walking scene, directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The plot involves a 40-year-old woman given a chance to be 18 again and return to her high-school prom with her experience intact. We all watched as Turner, made up to look older, transformed herself into someone whose very walk seemed a bit older, a bit sadder, and even Coppola, watching the close-up on a small monitor balanced on his lap, was impressed. He shook his head and spoke aloud to himself. 'Phew. . . This is great stuff,' he said.

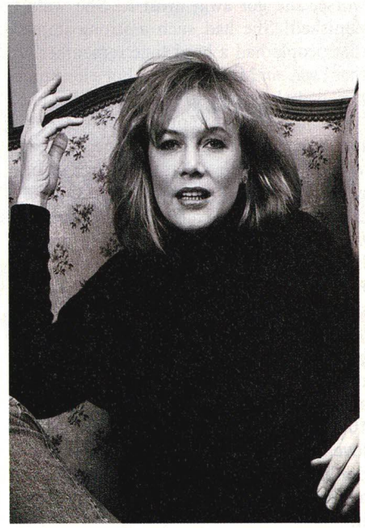
"One night she got off early and asked if I minded putting the next interview session off a bit. We headed to a Santa Rosa bar. As we entered, the bar hushed and the buzz that began was obviously about her, which she sort of enjoyed, since she is often unrecognised. Someone bravely approached and wondered if she was Kelly McGillis. Finally, another said, 'You look just like Kathleen Turner.' Soon there was no question that the woman at the bar, sipping a margarita, was indeed Turner. But this was no delicate, hot-house orchid. By the end of the evening, Turner, belting them back with the rest of us, was cheerfully telling us about the first time she brought her husband, Jay, home for the grandparents to meet. 'My grandfather challenged me to a bourbon drinking contest. He said he could drink me under the table,' she says. 'I even caught him cheating — filling up my glass when I wasn't looking — but I outlasted him.'

"Later, as we left the bar and she

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN



"Certainly the sex scenes in Body Heat were very adult as opposed to euphemistic. Looking back, it was one of the more direct feature films that had been done for a long time."



"My stunt double did the leap on the train in Jewel while the train was moving, but I leapt on it while the train was stopped. I spent four or five days hanging from a train."

"I've talked to actresses who have done long, intense roles with people who they truly could not get along with and I don't know how they do it. They fantasise."

signed a few more autographs and posed for another photograph, I asked her if the growing attention bothered her. She offered a rare glimpse into her vulnerability: 'I dream, sometimes,' she said, a little melancholic. 'I'm in bed and I look up and I can't move because the faces are everywhere and the cameras are everywhere and there's nothing I can do about it.' Then, as she was getting into her car, a voice called out, 'Miss Turner. If I could just get your picture it would mean so much to me.' Kathleen shook off the moment's dejection, let that slow, beguiling smile steal over her face and turned to him. 'For you,' she said, 'anything.'''

PLAYBOY: You've had great press as an actress, but no one seems to know who to compare you to. We've heard Lauren Bacall, Katharine Hepburn, Ingrid Bergman, Veronica Lake, Faye Dunaway. What do *you* think?

TURNER: I really have trouble thinking that way. I don't want to be like anyone. I was terribly bothered at the beginning. After *Body Heat*, there were all these Bacall comparisons. I kept wondering what *she* would feel like.

PLAYBOY: Still, not bad company.

TURNER: I suppose imitation is the highest form of flattery, and so the comparisons are a tribute to them, but it still seems very callous to me. Writers want a hook, but I don't agree. I always have an image of myself in a script or in a play, and that's always been much more real to me than anyone else in that role, than a Hepburn or a Bacall or someone like that. Not to say there aren't pieces of them that delight me and spark me, things that trigger attitudes or actions, but nothing that I want to be like.

These are different times. Most of those actresses were expected to create an image or to maintain the one created for them. That was as important or as much of a responsibility as their work. We don't have that kind of pressure now. Not to say that there isn't a lot of pressure to seem to be what the public has found most appealing about you, but there's much more respect now for acting as a profession, as a job and not some gift that was given to you. My film roles have been so different that I don't think I have an image as defined as those actresses.

PLAYBOY: What kind of image *do* you think you have out there?

TURNER: From Jay, my husband, and others, I've learned that it's this sort of sexy woman, sexy and, I think — I *hope* — intelligent and rather strong. The sex is more emphasised than I would have thought. *Prizzi's Honor* reinforced the image of me as a manipulative woman, although I must say there are moments in *Prizzi* when she's just this newlywed — she's got her job but she's baking casseroles — that *I* like. See, I don't feel that sexual impact as much, but my husband and friends tell me it's out there. The truth is I don't really *want* to know too much.

PLAYBOY: Is the sexual image really that much of a surprise to you? *Body Heat* and the lesser known movie you did, *Crimes Of Passion*, had more intense sex than most other major films in recent memory.

TURNER: It's true. *Body Heat* is very powerful. *Crimes* has become more popular in video cassette than when it was released in theatres. Certainly the sex scenes in *Body Heat* were very adult as opposed to euphemistic. Looking back, it was one of the more direct feature films that had been done for a long time.

I just thought it was good adult sex and why not? But the scene that people remember most has no nudity or sex in it. It's the break-in scene when he's pacing on the porch and breaks in the window and comes in and grabs her. They remember that better than some of the more sexually explicit scenes, which I love.

You can act sexuality but... you are also having physical reactions because nobody can be petted and kissed without feeling something.

PLAYBOY: We also remember the character of Matty Walker, one of the most deliciously evil characters ever.

TURNER: Yeah. The classic bitch. And worse, she got away with it! She wasn't punished! She had such a strong impact that people had a hard time remembering that I was *not* Matty Walker. For a long time men had a kind of chip on the shoulder, like, "You aren't going to put anything over on me, honey." That kind of thing. I mean, who asked? I think that the fact that they really did believe Matty is the reason they cast doubt on me. [*Laughing, raises her right hand*] I've never done anything in my life like that. I swear it.

PLAYBOY: What about Matty's sex scenes, though? She put so much passion into her scenes with Ned Racine, the man she later betrayed, that it was hard at the end of the movie to believe she'd been faking it. *Was* it all an act? Did she love him?

TURNER: Yes, yes, yes! I think she was in love. The sex was great. It was a bonus. I don't think she had ever had the freedom of a beautiful young lover like that. She loved it.

PLAYBOY: Then how could she betray him?

TURNER: Love and sex aren't necessarily the most important thing. That's what Matty believed.

PLAYBOY: What about what Kathleen Turner believes? Can you fake that intensity of sex? Is it possible to make that kind of love on the set and not get turned on?

TURNER: Part of it is very mechanical. Larry [*Kasdan, the writer-director*] and Bill [*Hurt, her co-star*] and I would block out the moves in advance and know what we were going to do in front of the camera so we would be comfortable with it. And the three of us became close through the work. But you have to get over this hump — at some point you have to kiss the other person and hug the other person. It was easier to get over that when we were alone than with the crew standing there. So we just walked through the scenes, not performing the actions, not acting them out, but exploring them. Then, when the tension got real heavy, we'd have races up and down the lawn. Stuff like that. We'd go jump in the water. Just to get comfortable with each other.

The closeness of the set quickly extended beyond Bill, Larry and me. You would catch the crew grinning at each other, because they knew something very good was happening, and that's a lovely feeling. But it was very, very hot stuff and there were times that it got *very* tense. After we finished the break-in scene in the house, I ran upstairs to my dressing-room and I was shaking and shaking and crying and I just sort of broke down. I did that after almost every one of the heavy scenes.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TURNER: It's just too open. The truth is, you can act sexuality to a certain extent, but if you are actually being touched, actually touching someone, there is a grey area there because your body is responding, even though your mind is saying, "Okay, now the camera is there, I have to kiss at three-quarters. . ." So you're thinking that stuff, but you are also having physical reactions, because nobody can be petted, touched and kissed without feeling something. I think that was the effect on everybody. I'm sure that anybody watching got caught up in it to some extent, but I never felt it was prurient. It was just powerful stuff.

PLAYBOY: So you do what? You can't literally take showers every ten minutes.

TURNER: Actually, "Cut!" is a very good cold shower.

PLAYBOY: What you're saying, what other actors haven't admitted to, is that there *does* have to be some kind of spark there between the two of you on a set; it's not all mechanical.

TURNER: It's both, I think. You want to have a spark, to have some feeling of attraction and attractiveness. It's very hard to play with someone who is supposed to be madly in love with you or something and have a feeling that he thinks you are not attractive. It really hits at a very insecure part. I think that when you work with other actors you deliberately open yourself up. You assume an immediate intimacy and

"Let's follow the leader"

"What a Sterling idea."

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Turner: It's always fun to push yourself.

relationship that of course is not true, but you want it to be true in the context of working together. You may see that actor in a bar after work and not have any desire to talk to him at all. But there, on the stage that day, if I'm doing a love scene you tend to hang out together all day, you talk together and make sure you are okay. You assume an intimacy that you don't have and that works better with some actors than with others, so there is that real spark also. There is a chemistry, because no matter how hard you try you can't do it with the other actor.

PLAYBOY: And it's always in control?

TURNER: Pretty much, yeah. I mean I may go kick down some walls when I'm alone but I keep it in control when I'm not. Hey, can I interject a note here? I don't want this whole thing to be about sex.

PLAYBOY: It won't be. But you have to admit, when it comes to the movies you've been in, such as *Body Heat* and *Crimes Of Passion*, and the amount of sex in each, the topic comes pretty naturally.

TURNER: And compared to a lot of my contemporaries, I suppose. There was *The Postman Always Rings Twice* with Jack and Jessica, but I didn't like the sexuality in that. You watched these two people do things to each other. It was so brutal. There are very few other films like those. But I have done eight films now.

PLAYBOY: So we'll keep the topic in context. Deal?

TURNER: Deal. In a way, I suppose it's best to talk about it rather than have people make assumptions. I just don't want the whole thing to be it.

PLAYBOY: It won't be. So you were saying: If there's no attraction between you and an actor, can you still do the work?

TURNER: It hasn't happened to me, only in a play once, and I just got through that. It was a limited run — a week and it was over. I don't know what I'd do. I've talked to actresses who have really done long intense roles with people who they truly could not get along with and I don't know how they do it. They fantasise. You put someone else there.

Anyway, I really don't want to be involved with an actor at all. First of all, I think it would have to screw up the work. And then at the end of the film when you say goodbye, gosh, what would you do, unless you have made some kind of commitment during the shooting? But don't, *don't* ever make any decisions during the film that affect your life because you are in this completely unreal world and when you are on location you don't even have the stability of going to a place you know or friends from your outside life. It's a completely manufactured world and any decisions you make would probably not work in the real world.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to learn that the hard way?

TURNER: Yes and no. In *Body Heat* I've talked about the wonderful closeness I had with Larry and Bill. I felt like we had exactly the same vision of the piece. One day I had to go downtown to my agent's office. I walked in and he turned around to me and said, "I hear you are having an affair with Bill and with Larry at the same time." I felt just like somebody had kicked me in the stomach. I was so hurt. I felt like somebody was tearing us down and *why*? I said, "How could you say that?" and he says, "I just think you should know what people are saying." I thought, Jesus Christ, this is what people are saying? And it ruined something for me. It really hurt because then, every time the three of us would go off to talk and to rehearse, I'd be thinking, Who's seeing this? You know — what are they thinking. It was lousy. It was rotten. I'll never forgive this person for breaking my bubble. But I realised, this is the real world. So I'm much more careful not to allow myself to be in that kind of position anymore. But it hurt a lot then.

PLAYBOY: Okay, as promised, let's move on to other subjects, such as the films that made you best known to the general public — *Romancing The Stone* and the sequel, *Jewel Of The Nile*.

TURNER: Right! Run! Jump! Hang! Fall! Hang! Run!. . . [*laughing*]

PLAYBOY: The personal dynamics on that kind of set aren't quite the same, eh?

TURNER: Yeah. Every time Michael [*Douglas*] and I got to a scene in which we really got to talk, it would be like, "Hey, hi! I remember you." Adventure films are a whole other thing. You can't rehearse much of the material. How do you rehearse jumping on a moving train or hanging off a moving train for 40 hours? You just have to do it, and there's excitement in that because it's always fun to push yourself to that point where you just do it and see what you make of it.

PLAYBOY: You do all of that yourself? No stunt doubles?

TURNER: I do a lot of it myself. I like it. I'm a real tomboy anyway, and in those films there was such close coverage that there was no way to use a stunt double. I had stunt doubles who did some of it, of course. But for example, my stunt double did the leap on the train in *Jewel* while the train was moving for one shot, but for another I leapt on it while the train was stopped. I spent four or five days hanging from a train. It's very safe — they put a hole through a wall in the train and we were in a harness on a steel cable that supports, they assured us, 3000 lbs [*1400 kg*] — but you do go home at night wondering if normal people do this.

PLAYBOY: At first you refused to do the sequel, which brought a $US25 million [*$A 37 million*] lawsuit from the studio, 20th Century-Fox. What's your side of that?

TURNER: They had sent me a draft of the first script and I thought it was not in the spirit and fun of *Romancing*. It turned into an exploitive adventure movie. Joan was a complete wimp. She really didn't commit any actions to save herself, which was not in character, and there was questionable taste in scenes like when a bunch of Nubian pygmies tell Jack, "If you give us the woman for an hour, we'll let you live." I didn't think that was very nice. I don't like rape jokes. There was some money involved with it, too. Michael and I were arguing with Fox on the money earned by *Romancing*. According to Fox, *Romancing* was still $US3 million [*$A4.5 million*] in the hole and they'd never seen any profit from it.

PLAYBOY: Yet reported earnings for the movie are upwards of $US100 million [*$A150 million*].

TURNER: Exactly. At the time, I was offered another film that I wanted to do. My agent tried to find out if they could postpone *Jewel* while we addressed the problems, so I could do this other film, at which point everything got mucked up. We lost the lines of communication. I wasn't talking to Michael, he wasn't talking to me. The next thing I knew I walked into my building and the doorman said, "Oh, $25 million?" I said, "What?" He said, "Look at the *Post*: Kathleen Turner Being Sued For 25 Million." I was absolutely crazy. And I never said I wouldn't do the movie; I just didn't want to do a bad one and I wanted to address the money issue up front. A friend — Jack Nicholson, in fact — sort of interceded and got Michael and me talking again. He promised he would resolve all my script-related doubts and I would indeed have some input.

PLAYBOY: The story on the other side had you playing prima donna, even though it was *Romancing* that made you.

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TURNER: *Romancing* was my only popular film and certainly the one that gave me the greatest exposure and standing outside the business, but I don't think I owe them anything for that. I believe I fulfilled my contract. I did a good job. I think I owe Michael for the opportunity and his judgement and his vision, but I don't owe anybody for the work I do. That made me furious. But we resolved the problems and got to work.

PLAYBOY: Did you have fears about doing the sequel to begin with? *Romancing* is a hard act to follow.

TURNER: I did. The studio talked to me about the surveys that show that on a successful film like *Romancing*, you have an almost 80 percent return audience, so they know they are going to get the tickets sold anyway. That worried me. Someone asked me if I would do a third Joan and Jack story. I'm not intrigued by the idea now. I was intrigued by doing the sequel, because we never saw what happened to Joan after she was transformed. Anything could happen. She could fall on her face, she could retreat, she could really be that woman that she was at the end of *Romancing*. But now, in *Jewel*, she matured a lot and I'm not sure she's that interesting to explore anymore. If *Jewel* is anywhere near as popular as *Romancing* was, then maybe it's a fallback. In a couple of years people might still want to see Jack and Joan. If I go too far and disillusion people or I lose some touch — because I think that's bound to happen; you can't possibly keep to the idea of what the strongest appeal you have to the audience is if you want to do things that interest you — then I could do Joan again. There are bound to be things that will alienate people — like *Crimes Of Passion*. If I go too far, maybe Joan Wilder is a net.

PLAYBOY: Could you go too far?

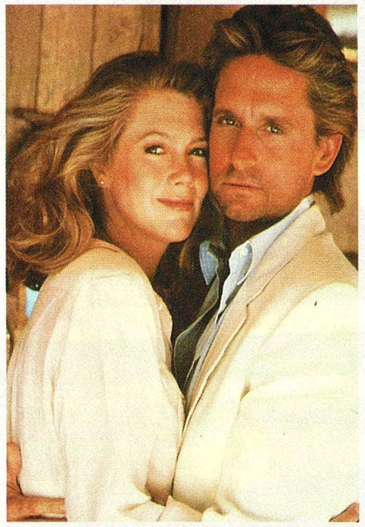
TURNER: I'm not sure. I'm well bred, thank you, mum, thank you, dad. And there is certainly something in me that shrinks from hurting or from behavior that is unconscionable in that sense. I don't want to hurt anybody. But I sure don't want to reinforce some "them" code of behavior — all the "theys" out there. I don't want them to rule my world.

PLAYBOY: After graduating from college in Missouri you went to New York.

TURNER: I left town after about my third year. I wanted to get into experimental theatre and I couldn't do it there. There just wasn't anything happening. I bought this 1965 Oldsmobile 88 for $300, packed all my stuff into it and drove to Baltimore to attend the University of Maryland. From there I went to Washington with $100 and a recommendation for Arena Stage. I auditioned for them and the casting director recommended me to this agent in New York. We later lived together and although the romance ended a long time ago, he is still my agent. So the agency started sending me out and I got a job as a waitress. I did a small part for about five or six months and after about eight months I got a soap opera. After a year and a half of that and some work in theatre, I got *Body Heat*.

PLAYBOY: That was quite a first role to land. How did you get it?

TURNER: I read the script and I was absolutely scared by it but also tremendously intrigued. I was scared by all the sexuality; I didn't have an image of myself at all as this siren or sexy woman. I thought that might eliminate me right away. I never saw myself as a sort of femme fatale. Anyway, my agent was trying to get me an audition but they refused to see me. I happened to be in LA to test for some female mud-wrestling film — thank God I was not right for that part at all — and there was a woman casting *Body Heat* there. I was



Turner: Romancing for Jewel Of The Nile with Michael Douglas.

able to see her and read for her and she got quite excited. She set up a meeting with the film's producer and Larry Kasdan. So I went in dressed to the nines. I put on my highest heels and a slit skirt and all the make-up I could muster and went in.

I read for them and all they said was, "Can you come back tomorrow?" The next day I got there and Larry gave me a scene to read that he hadn't allowed anyone to see. It was the time when Matty talks about her past, when she went to Chicago and didn't know what she was doing, got hooked on drugs. . . He gave it to me and said, "I know you haven't seen this, but read it for me anyway." So I read the scene and there was this absolute silence. I was nervous and finally said, "Well?" Larry looked at me and said, "I never thought I'd hear that read as I hear it in my head." Based on that, they decided to fight for me even though I had no film credits and they set up a screen test. I did the test with Bill [*Hurt*]. They then called me back because they weren't convinced I could do the lightness in the film and wanted to check me out on that.

PLAYBOY: The ashtray incident?

TURNER: Yes. I go into this room at the Ladd Company. It's all white on white on white — white sofa, white rug, blonde wood — and there's this huge ashtray in the middle of the table that is filled with cigarette butts. It's like they had been sitting there all day smoking and talking about [*macho voice*] THE GIRL. I'm standing there with the script and one of the vice-presidents says, "Do drunk." So I'm doing drunk and I throw this script on the table and it knocks into the ashtray and I watch it fly across the room. The butts went all over this white rug, scattered. I got down on my hands and knees and started picking them up — "This is the most embarrassed I've ever been in my life." And they laughed. I swear to God that turned them around.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you first saw the completed movie?

TURNER: Thrilled, embarrassed. After a private screening, I went out to a movie theatre and watched it with an audience. I put on glasses and everything. I guess I thought they were going to recognise me, which of course they wouldn't have. I moved two or three different times during the film while I was in the theatre. And it was wonderful. At the end of the film I was sitting next to this woman who was watching the film alone, and when they had walked down to the boathouse she said, under her breath, "Don't go in, don't go in." I thought, This is great. And I snuck out and sat in the lobby as they started to come out. They were all arguing. "She loved him." "No, she didn't." Or "I knew she was going to do that." "Oh, you did not!" I thought, this is fabulous. I followed this couple down two blocks and they kept arguing about whether or not she loved him.

PLAYBOY: *Body Heat*'s rave reviews must have really started things rolling.

TURNER: Not at all. I didn't work for eight months in a film after *Body Heat*. In fact I was back filling in on soap operas and doing things like that. I went up to Canada to do stage work after about a year. I even did a little waitressing at one time on a bad week. I got a couple of offers to do films that I really didn't like — bad imitations of *Body Heat*.

PLAYBOY: Then how did *The Man With Two Brains* come about?

TURNER: I read the script and thought it was very funny. There is a history in films of casting pretty women who are just props, but this script was dependent on this woman, because Steve [*Martin*] was the straight man for so much of it. If they didn't have someone who could really create that role, they were going to be in trouble. But my agent was having trouble getting me an audition because Carl [*Reiner*] saw *Body Heat* and I was told he thought I was talented but not funny. I got kind of upset. Most of my stage work has been comedic

(continued on page 75)

25
Marlbo
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ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

Public controversy raged over the question: was Beryl Wruck the victim of a crocodile at all?

CROCODILE!

DAINTREE TOWNSHIP, 140 kilometres north of Cairns, December 21, 1985. It's nearly 11.30 on a hot, humid Saturday night. Daintree broods silently on a bank, high above the starkly beautiful Daintree River. The wet season is late in tropical Queensland, and there's a mood of oppressive expectancy in the still, sultry air. Soon it will rain every day, torrential

Article by **ROBERT REID**

downpours as regular as clockwork. But right now the energy-sapping heat is getting people down. It's a bad time of the year, when tempers fray, and it doesn't pay to look too hard at your neighbor.

But just down the dirt road, three kays around the bend leading into town, there's a pre-Christmas barbecue in full swing at Michael and Jackie Turner's Butterfly Farm. In a setting of lush rainforest and sweet-scented blossoms, a small party of Daintree residents eat, drink and dance into the night. Right on 11.30, four of the revellers detach themselves from the main group, and wander down a boardwalk to the Turners' private jetty, on the edge of Barratt Creek. It's almost low tide, and the creek is flat and lazy, imperceptibly moving downstream to its junction with the Daintree River.

The four sit and chat awhile, occasionally stopping to listen to the myriad insect sounds tumbling from the eerie darkness along the water's edge. A single hurricane lamp hangs from a post, casting dim, flickering shapes across the creek.

Somebody suggests a dip to cool off. The four move out on to the jetty, and stare down at the brackish water. Maurice Mealing has lived in Daintree all his life, but has never been to this spot. He doesn't like the look of it. Nevertheless, he strips off his outer clothes and leaps off the jetty. His wife, Sarina, hangs back. Mealing swims a few strokes in a splashing semi-circle, and climbs back on to the jetty. "Don't go in," he warns the others.

John Robb, a burly, bearded riverboat operator, ignores the warning. He takes his clothes off and enters the water. He stays in close to the jetty post, where the water is about a metre deep. He waits there as 43-year-old Beryl Wruck removes her dress and, clad in bra and panties, sits down on the edge of the jetty. He watches as she lowers her body over the side and squats down, turns around to face the creek, and looks sideways in his direction.

Maurice Mealing forbids Sarina to enter the water. She stands behind him watching the others. Off to Beryl Wruck's right, out of range of the hurricane lamp, a patch of rotting leaves and debris floats on the almost-still waters of the creek. Cottonwood branches hang low, forming a coal-black tunnel parallel to the bank.

In the middle of that patch of leaves, low down, barely above the surface of the water, a pair of ruby eyes glowed faintly. A pair of nostrils sensed the air. A pair of ears listened. The crocodile knew this place well. He had been here before, as he was here now. He was perfectly balanced in his environment. It was his place, and he was master of his own territory. Camouflaged, with timeless patience, he waited.

John Robb, about to get out, with his eyes still on Beryl Wruck, lingers a few seconds more in the water. Maurice Mealing has his eyes on Beryl, too. He is watching her when the crocodile makes his move. Beryl is saying something to Robb when the creek explodes in a terrifying rush of power. The huge beast has Beryl Wruck across the hips. Struck dumb with terror, she throws up her arms in the face of death. The crocodile slices the bank with his tail, slewing his body in a shower of mud and water as he lunges for the creek's deep mid-channel. In another split-second of heart-stopping madness, Beryl Wruck is dragged under-water, never to be seen again.

John Robb is left dazed, hanging on to the post. All he saw was a wall of turbulence which swallowed Beryl and knocked him off-balance. From up on the jetty, Maurice Mealing shouts: "A bloody croc's got Beryl!" Sarina cries out: "Beryl! Beryl!" Still in the water, shaken, Robb stares hard at the spot where Beryl had been. He wonders what the hell the Mealings are saying. It is less than a minute since Maurice Mealing first entered the water.

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By daybreak, David Martin, Beryl Wruck's common-law husband, had scoured Barratt Creek down to its junction with the Daintree River. So had the police, several National Parks and Wildlife Service officers, and a fair percentage of Daintree's male population. One 3½m crocodile had been shot and killed, two had been hit but escaped, and plenty more, real and imaginary, shot at wildly in a night of bedlam and anger.

When the media arrived, emotions and confusion were still running high. Daintree, and the search for Beryl Wruck, became instant international headlines. "Killer Croc" prose flowed freely from the fast-moving pens of a dozen reporters. Camera crews trailed cables over the Butterfly Farm, the Barratt Creek jetty, and through the town.

Daintree River and its tributaries were searched relentlessly. Traps and snares were set, banks and mudflaps probed. Crocodiles were shot, and their "stomachs examined" for human remains. Anonymous shooters killed them in traps set by National Parks rangers, and left them to rot. As expected, it was open season on anything that moved in the river. DAINTREE FOLK WANT CROC BLOOD declared a Brisbane headline. Locals denied the charge, insisting that only large adult crocodiles were being hunted. They claimed that trigger-happy outsiders were responsible for most of the shootings, and had no right to be there. It was David Martin's moral right, they said, to hunt the killer of his loved companion.

It soon became obvious that the situation was out of hand. Bullocks and pigs were slaughtered for bait, gunshots echoed each night across the river, and grim-faced men with spotlights and telescopic-sighted rifles stalked the muddy banks of Daintree's creeks and streams.

By Christmas Day, few crocodiles were to be seen. The fast-learning reptiles were keeping clear of their predators and old Daintree hands were saying you wouldn't be seeing many crocs around there from then on. The official search for Beryl Wruck was terminated at 5pm on the 27th December, with still no sign of a body, but on that same day, police found two strips of meat floating in Barratt Creek. A subsequent pathologist's report stated: "The material is fat of animal origin, consistent with human omentum from an obese person, but absolute identification of tissue as being of human origin is not possible." Beryl Wruck had not been an obese person, and the material was considered unlikely to be part of her remains.

Although the police and National Parks searchers had withdrawn from the river, David Martin was officially sanctioned to continue the search operation. With him was charter boat operator Richard Ralph. With 20 years experience shooting, trapping and observing crocodiles in the wild, Ralph was relieved when the search scaled down. "There were too many idiots on the river," he said. "Too many amateurs who don't know a thing about crocs."

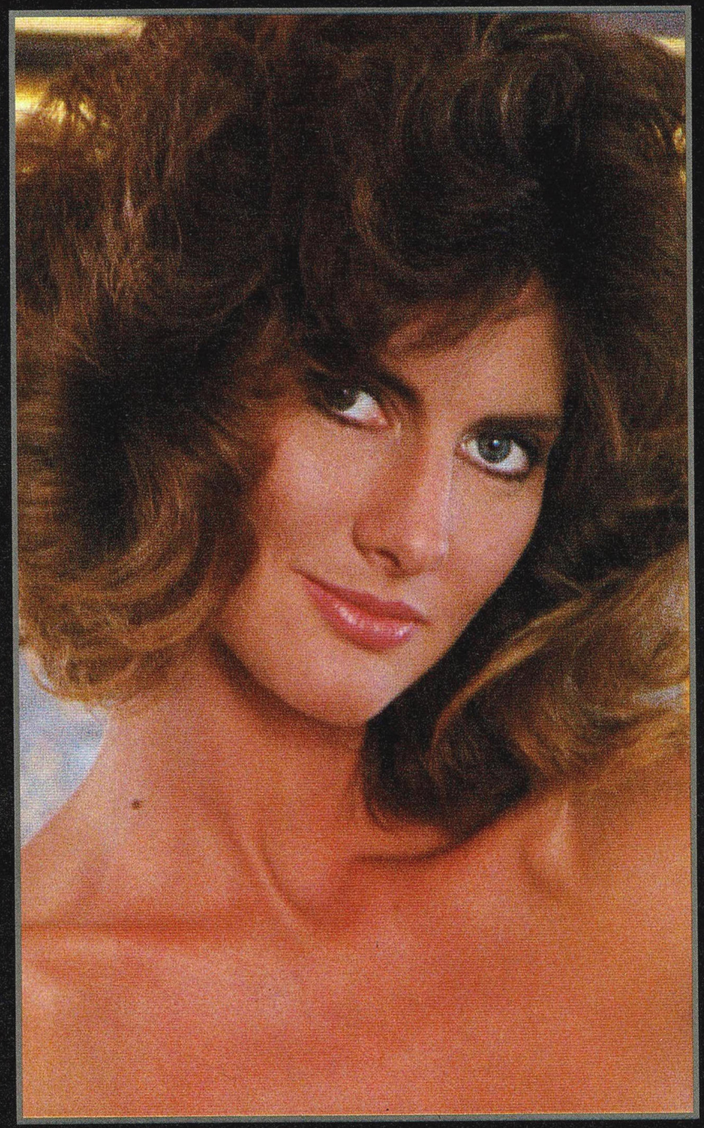
Martin had his own plan, and had no intention of quitting the river until he had Beryl Wruck's killer. Late one night, near the Daintree wharf, Ralph shot and killed a crocodile "over the 3½m mark". It wasn't big enough to be a man-eater, but Ralph had David Martin in the boat. "I couldn't take the chance of letting it go," he said. "It was close to town, and David's blood was up, so I killed it." The crocodile's stomach revealed nothing.

After the first rush of media activity had died down, and the townspeople had reflected on what one described as "a welter of misquotes, lies and make-believe", they closed ranks and firmly shut down on outsiders. Strangers asking questions were not welcome. Even at the best of times, visitors and newcomers are considered "others" by hard-core Daintree locals. There's a saying up that way that it takes the locals 10 years to forgive you for coming.

Standing in the middle of Daintree's one street and small cluster of shops, a stranger senses a difference, a subtle scalp-crawling sensation of *be careful, go easy* in the feel of the town. There's a touch of Alabama in the air, as beer-bellied men in four-wheel drive vehicles make out they don't see you, or else nail you with mean, warning stares. In many ways, Daintree — crouched on the edge of the vast Cape York wilderness — is a pioneer town, and its 100-odd residents make their own rules.

David Martin's general store is the focal point for the town's trade and social life. You step back three or four decades when you enter its dim corrugated iron and timber interior. You can post a letter at the store, or make a phone call from the public telephone outside, if it happens to be working. Although it isn't a pub — and

(continued on page 110)



PLAYMATE OF·THE·YEAR

Presenting Ali Lynwood, our very special seventh Playmate Of The Year.

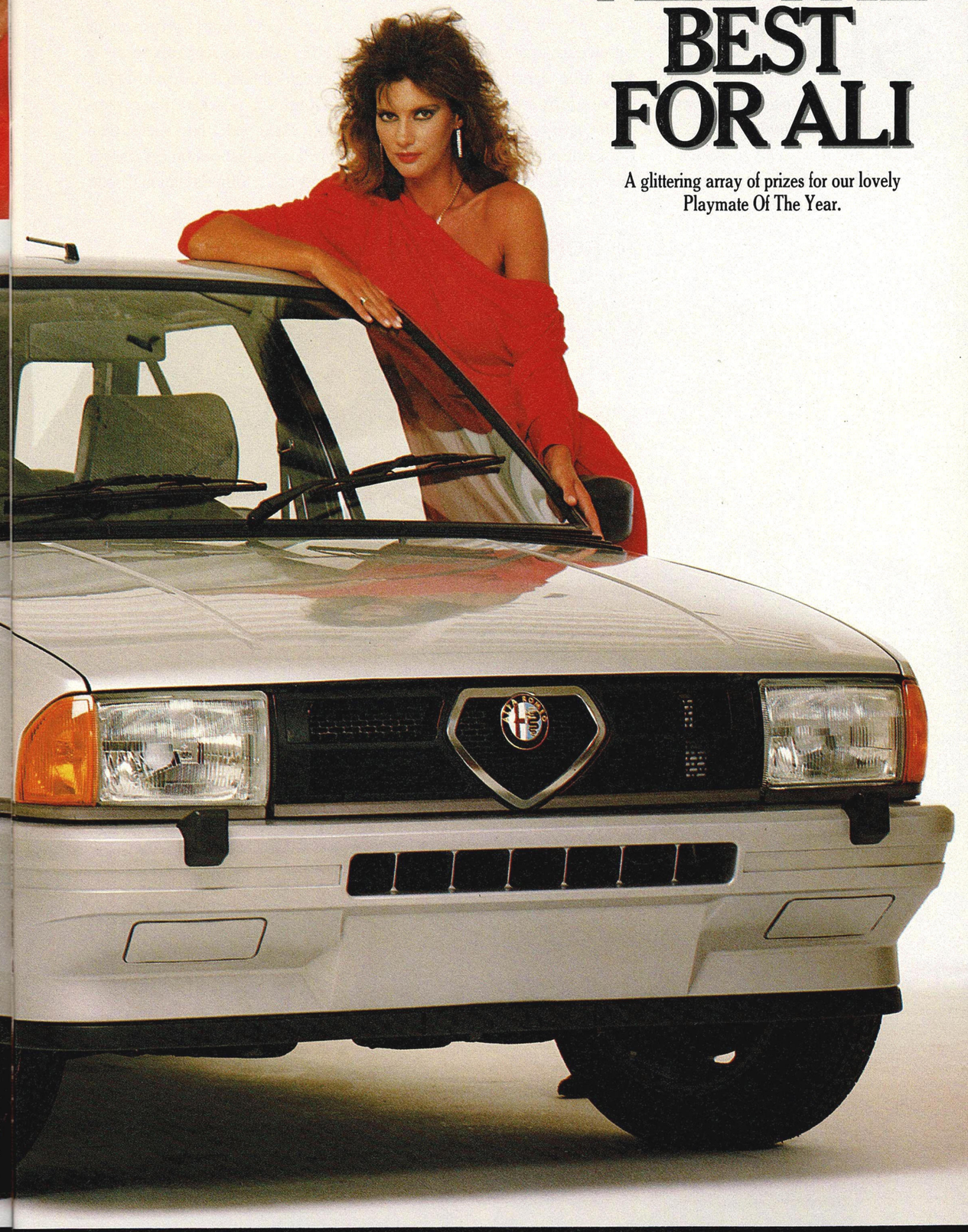
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

The poor old postmen really have their work cut out for them at Christmas time but we must admit we decided to make their mail bags even bulkier by featuring the divine Ali Lynwood as our Miss December. Her *Long Tall Ali* pictorial fired the imaginations of Australian PLAYBOY readers from Broome to Burnie and just about everywhere in between. Letters flowed in from all corners of the country and we knew we were on a winner.

• Ali works in Sydney as a very successful model but she says no glamor assignment could compete with the thrill she feels at being named Playmate Of The Year. "This means more to me than anything else in the world," she told us. "I'm really looking forward to working closely with Australian PLAYBOY and meeting lots of new people. At the end of my reign I'd love to get into TV work, maybe as a games show hostess. I certainly hope I won't just be forgotten after a year." Look, Ali, with that gorgeous face and fabulous form, you'll never go unnoticed! Congratulations on your win and please, you readers, keep those lustful letters to one page apiece!

ALL THE BEST FOR ALI

A glittering array of prizes for our lovely Playmate Of The Year.



- Our Playmate Of The Year, Ali Lynwood, will be stepping out in style in her fabulous prize, the Alfa Romeo 33 Quattro Wagon. This luxurious and spacious vehicle is designed to cope with all driving conditions from snow-covered slopes to rain-slicked highways. The fully integrated all-wheel drive selection allows simple conversion with a flick of a lever. The Alfa 33 Quattro is equipped with front electric windows, central locking, AM/FM digital stereo radio/cassette, front fog lights, twin interior-controlled side mirrors, headlight washer/wipers, rear window washer/wiper, specially designed roof railings for ski and roof racks, and two storage bins in the rear luggage compartment. It's a streamlined, sporty machine for a very lovely lady.
- Ali also wins an elegant watch from Raymond Weil's exclusive Amadeus collection. The velvet-black anodised timepiece is accented with radiant 18ct gold electroplate. The expansion clasp on the soft leather strap ensures a comfortable, secure fit, and the watch is water resistant.
- To complement this fine timepiece, Ali receives a spectacular gold, diamond and sapphire necklace from Angus and Coote. The double loop oval chain is styled in 18ct yellow gold and features a central motif set with 38 brilliant cut diamonds. A blue Ceylon sapphire shaped as a drop is suspended from the centre.

- To further bask in the luxury of her title, Ali will be flying off to London aboard Cathay Pacific's pampered Marco Polo Class. This very successful Hong Kong-based airline has a fleet of Rolls-Royce powered 747s offering fast and comfortable service to Europe via Hong Kong. Cathay Pacific has recently introduced *cuisine naturelle* as part of its in-flight catering, and passengers are offered light and healthy meals. It's all part of the airline's slogan: "Arrive In Better Shape". But with Ali Lynwood on board, how are they going to improve upon perfection? Bon voyage to our fabulous seventh Australian PLAYBOY Playmate Of The Year.

WHILE THE SUMMIT SLEPT

The only journalist truly behind the scenes at the Summit reports on media madness and a personal showdown with Gorbachev.

Article by **RONALD REAGAN JNR**

THE SAME WEIRD, morbid fascination has drawn me and nearly 4000 other journalists to Geneva. Reporters from every crevice on the planet have gathered to watch as the President of the United States and the General Secretary of the Soviet Union's Communist Party meet for the first time in six years to see if they can't forestall nuclear oblivion.

Optimism is not running rampant. Each side has more than 10,000 multi-megaton warheads aimed at the other's national solar

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON

plexus — hideous radiation-spewing devices capable of reducing whole cities to glassy parking lots, their citizenry to shadows on fragments of walls. My father promises a vast, laser-equipped, particle-beam, railgun space shield to protect us from Soviet missiles. The General Secretary, his economy in a centralised shambles, is in no mood for technological leap-frog. Under such circumstances, the terrain of traditional psychology drops off precipitously. Survival mechanisms overload and short circuit. Leaders subjected to the stress of impending Armageddon could slip into a dangerous what-the-hell nihilism: "General, tell your boys to give those keys a crank, then high-tail it up to Camp David. Nancy's mixing up a pitcher of margaritas. We're gonna circle the lawn chairs and watch the whole show from the back porch."

Other issues reverberate in the frosty Alpine air. Is a 7.1 percent unemployment rate an atrocity equivalent to the Gulag? Will the Soviets agree to destroy their chemical weapons stockpiles before using them up on Afghanistan? When will the Bolshoi Ballet revisit New York? But the overriding concern is nuclear peril. Shuttling between press conferences, I begin to glimpse the frayed edges of a story containing major elements of the human condition — frustration, rage, hallucination.

The design of the main conference hall at the International Press Centre is early United Nations: unadorned and vaguely Scandinavian. Audiences — in this case, reporters — sit at long, baize-covered tables fitted with microphones and headsets for simultaneous translation. It's a full house. Journalists are attending this press conference and others like it not in hopes of scaring up any real news — there is none — but in the interest of seeming busy to their bosses/editors/news directors back home. Fact is, there haven't been any stories for days, a situation unlikely to change until at least Tuesday when the President and the General Secretary meet in a small lakeside chateau, soon to become a condominium. That leaves a lot of newsies on deadline with nothing to report. The whole affair would have a zen-like quality — masons building a wall without bricks — if the ramifications weren't so distressing.

For a change, Americans aren't the only ones holding press briefings. The Soviets, increasingly eager to manipulate the Western media, have made themselves unusually available. Georgi Arbatov, head of Moscow's American Studies Institute, and Soviet spokesman Leonid Zamyatin conduct their own encounter with the press. Both are grizzled veterans long practised in the Kremlin's grim methodology. Suddenly, they find themselves having to attempt charm when confronted with all these running-dog journalists. The strain on their normally callow jowls must be excruciating.

The Western press, for its part, responds with an excess of circumspection. Questions posed to the Soviets, far from being pointed or combative, float in like a looping top-spin lob.

One incident, however, serves to tear away the Soviet's cheery mask. Irina Grivnina, a diminutive, grey-haired woman now working for a Dutch periodical, but until two weeks earlier a Russian citizen, takes a microphone and launches into a tirade against human rights abuses in the USSR. Morally defensible, but clearly out of line for a working journalist. She draws boos from some reporters in the hall. Now, any Western press spokesman worth his airfare would have defused the situation and carried off the day with a gently humorous retort. The Soviets get huffy. "Do we have to call in the militia and have this woman removed?" shrieks Zamyatin, who must think he's back in Moscow.

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Journalists unwinding after a tough day have certain requirements: well-stocked bars with breakaway furniture — joints where you're handed a tab as you come through the door and your employer can mail a cheque to cover damages; floor shows featuring lusty youths performing in risque fashion with dancing bears; in short, debauchery made quick and easy. Those and many other amusements are not to be found in staid Geneva. What you will find are banks and watches: Banque Suisse, Cartier, Citicorp, Patek Philippe. All eventually blend together. Time is money and, in Geneva, money buys time. The Swiss have been called "penultimate bourgeois capitalists".

I begin to glimpse the frayed edges of a story containing major elements of the human condition — frustration, rage, hallucination.

With saturnalian excess a dim prospect and shopping expensive, most journalists are dividing their time between two conference halls, one at the Press Centre, the other at the InterContinental, where I fight my way through a maelstrom of tripod-mounted cameras, boom-mikes, and arc lights. Despondent reporters clatter away on electric typewriters or portable word processors.

No one labors under the illusion that the press briefings provide anything but fresh television pictures for the evening news. The mood among those with daily deadlines has turned particularly ugly. Not surprisingly, they've taken on the aspect of journalistic junkyard dogs, snapping at anything that smells ripe. Some have decided that, in the absence of legitimate news, I would make a good story. Photographers and camera crews have begun showing up in the lobby of my hotel and chasing me down the street.

Irina Grivnina has returned to the Press Centre, causing Arbatov and Co to stalk out in a rage. She delivered no outbursts, but apparently her mere presence deflected attention from Soviet propaganda. Now she's encircled by reporters, spilling details of her recent history. Imprisonment in Russia, deportation. At Geneva's airport for Gorbachev's arrival, she shouted out a question and was subsequently accosted by Swiss police. Local authorities, she claims, are trying to strip her of press accreditation. Some of the assembled journalists are sympathetic, vouching for her story. Others are downright belligerent. One short, stocky man lunges at her and has to be physically restrained. A tall Asian fellow berates her at length — "You ruined our press conference!" — until someone tells him to get lost.

At dinner, over a bottle of '79 Chambertin, I go over my plans for the next day. When the summiteers meet for the first time at Chateau Fleur D'Eau, I'll be on the inside. I'm aware that the White House press corps, stuck out in the cold, will probably become enraged. I might as well jump into a cage full of hungry lions dressed as a lame zebra. But hell, opportunities like this don't come along too often.

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I wake in a cold sweat. Outside my window the morning is grey, threatening. A frigid wind blusters off the lake.

At 7.45am, in the lobby of the InterContinental, I rendezvous with my White House contact. In tow is ace photojournalist David Hume Kennerly, on assignment for *Time Magazine*. Kennerly and I have both exploited ties to the administration in order to gain access to the first plenary session at Fleur D'Eau. As far as I know, we're the only outsiders with ringside seats.

The scene outside the Chateau is reminiscent of a coup in some small cocaine autocracy. An excited mob wielding a dangerous assortment of light poles, telephoto lenses and various extension devices heaves insistently against the main gate. The morning's press pool wants inside. . . now! Stern-faced secret servicemen, shoulder to shoulder with Uzi-toting Swiss Army regulars, just manage to hold the line. Atop the walls, menacing coils of concertina wire deter the intrepid.

"My God," gasps Kennerly, "we'll never make it through that crowd. If they catch on we're getting special access they'll. . ." He swallows hard. "Have you ever seen a man literally torn to pieces?"

Not a pretty sight. "There must be a side entrance," I tell him and we both back away from the increasingly ugly spectacle.

(continued on page 87)

"I think, perhaps, this archway is a good example of the sort of detailing that made Herbert Philpott a somewhat controversial figure in Victorian architecture."

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

Asia ON $20 A LAY

An unrepentant sinner reminisces about his sexual exploits in the East.

Article by **PETER ROBERTS**

I WAS STANDING sweating under a totally unfamiliar sun on the deck of the British troopship *Windrush* as it sailed into Aden, its first stop on a voyage to what was then known as the Far East.

My troop major (that's what they call a sergeant-major in a British cavalry regiment) had called us up to give us the same advice that had been handed out to generations of British soldiers arriving at this first port of call.

"We are now arriving at Aden which will be your first experience of abroad. And you are going to be putting your old feller into places that I wouldn't put a walking stick. And you are going to regret it."

He was right and he was wrong.

I did proceed to put that certain part of my anatomy into some very secret, choice and sordid places. But never once did I regret it. Not then and not now. I have spent all my adult life in what are still referred to as the fleshpots of Asia and before you ask did I get caught, I'll tell you, yes, but only once.

On that one momentous occasion when I discovered I had a dose of the clap, I was back in Australia and was attended to by a doctor in Sydney. One quick shot of penicillin and all was back to normal.

The doctor asked me if I would fill out a confidential questionnaire. The reason, he said, was the authorities were worried about a penicillin-resistant strain of this social disease being carried by soldiers who were defending liberty and the Lyndon B. Johnson way of life in Vietnam. It seems the Vietnamese hookers had got into the habit of taking penicillin every day as a precaution. Penicillin-resistant "Saigon Rose" was the result.

He asked if I knew the contact's name.

Indeed I did. I may be promiscuous. I *am* promiscuous. But I certainly know their names before we enter into that most intimate of relationships. I told him.

Did I know her address?

As it happens it was the Casanova Bath House and Massage Parlor in Sukhumvit in Bangkok (and what an appropriate name that is).

Was she an amateur or a professional?

She was a professional. I paid her 40 baht (about A$2).

And what precautions did I take?

I gave her a false name and address.

But back to that troopship. I was on my way to Hong Kong and eventually to Korea and other Asian war zones. The British Army was far more obsessed with seeing I did not catch a social disease than in keeping me out of harm's way by not sending me to war in the first place.

The army had three ways of tackling this. First by showing you on board the troopship a continuing series of horror movies of patients with the clap. Some of them were so advanced in their suffering they would have had to be piccolo players to be able to pee through the right hole. I suspected then, and I still do, that those movies were faked.

The second way was to make it an automatic court-

martial offence to get the clap unless you had signed into a Prophylactic Aid Centre (PAC) both before and after the event. There you were issued with condoms (which I have always suspected were made in the Michelin tyre factory), a tube of ointment for squirting into the end of your penis immediately after the event, and a small bar of soap, the evil smell of which lingers with me to this day.

The kit issued by the PAC undoubtedly worked but using it, especially when practically legless after several hours of fairly hard drinking, was not always an easy matter. Most Asian hookers were extremely adept at lending a hand. After all, the protection worked both ways.

The third ploy was to use the power of advertising. In this the British Army was brutal, crude and effective. It papered towns with posters which said in large black letters on a yellow background: "If she will, she's got it."

Later, when I served in Korea, I saw the US Army's attempt at the same thing. Their poster had a drawing of what appeared to be a French prostitute — beret, slit in the skirt, high heeled shoes, the lot. The slogan read: "How would you like to get gonorrhoea from a girl like this?"

I always thought if it was going to lead to a meaningful relationship, then I was all for it.

My first great experience with sex in Asia came in Hong Kong. There was a lot of it widely available. Bear in mind that I had come from pre-Pill and pre-liberation-of-the-sexes England where, if you copped a feel of a girl's breast in the cinema, you boasted about it for a week.

As I got off the troopship I saw some of the world's most beautiful women wearing the Chinese *cheong sam*, a dress with a slit up the side that stretched right to the top of the thigh, heading toward a world of moist and heavenly delights.

For the first month in Hong Kong I had a permanent erection.

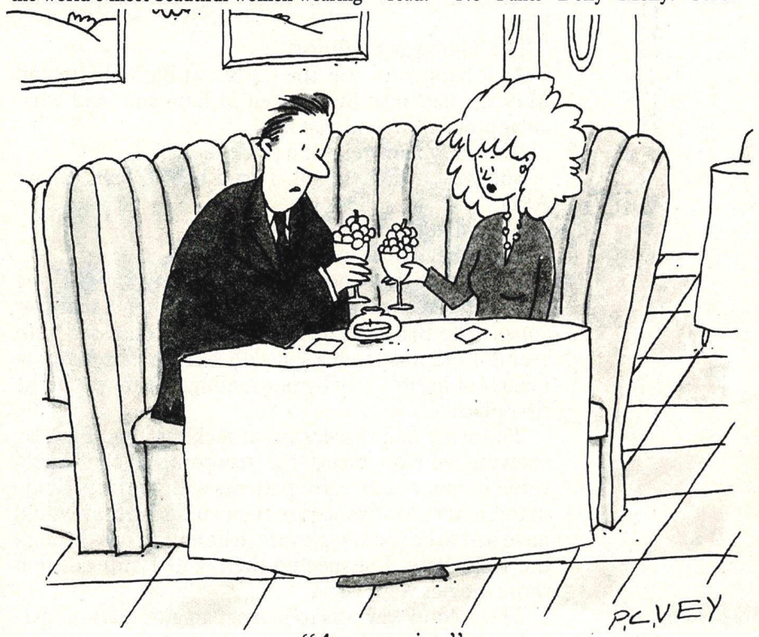
The British Army was still desperate to preserve me from any social disease and gave me the good news right at the start. On my very first day in the British Crown Colony I was solemnly assured by a very keen young lieutenant in the Royal Army Medical Corps that half the women in Hong Kong had the clap and the other half had tuberculosis. I immediately resolved to sleep with only the ones who coughed.

Since that time I have remained in Asia, because I love the women, the food and the way of life (in that order). Apart from that solitary sad experience in the Casanova Bath House and Massage Parlor, I have never even caught a bad cold. And yet I have loved — on a temporary basis — well over a thousand women. And enjoyed every minute of it.

Although it is true that Asia has changed in many ways, the Asian attitude to sex, as the best fun you can have without laughing, remains exactly the same.

In some countries outside Asia, it is true, hookers have a hard time of it. And it is perfectly feasible that in Asia women are forced into prostitution against their will. Yet I have been in more whore-houses, knocking shops, massage parlors, bordellos, wankatoriums and places of ill repute than most men. And I have had long and splendid relationships with many of their inhabitants.

(I still occasionally see the first girl I ever slept with in Hong Kong. Her visiting card read: "No Pants Dolly Molly. Seven languages spoken. Air-conditioned." She is now a very respectable grandmother and works as a cashier in a bar on the Kowloon side of Hong Kong. She gives me a 20 percent discount on drinks in memory of times past.)



"A young wine."

And in all of those evil places throughout Asia I have never met one hooker who was forced into the business, although Dirty Diane, whom I first met in Hong Kong's Blue Sky Bar, told me that she had been sold into prostitution when she was 10. As she had several other stories always at the ready (mother dying of cancer, putting brother through college, father needing operation), I was never certain she was telling me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Perhaps I malign the girl.

Most of those Asian girls looked upon this oldest of professions as a stepping-stone to marriage. They believed prostitution was one of the best businesses in the world.

There's no other business where you could say: You had it, you sold it and you still had it!

There may indeed be a dreadful criminal conspiracy running prostitution in Asia. I simply seem to have missed it. So, if you are going to visit Asia in search of a bit of the other — and you should, you should — then Asia is ready to meet you halfway. All you have to do is play it cool, leave your hangups at home and take Asia on its own terms.

Start with Hong Kong. One of the great con jobs of all time was Richard Mason's *The World Of Suzie Wong*. Even when it was written, the idea of a Cantonese hooker with a heart of gold was farcical. Now they simply do not exist. There are no hotels like the novel's Luk Kwok. (There *is* a Luk Kwok Hotel but it is a highly respectable joint which bitterly resents having been mentioned in the book.)

All the girly bars are staffed nowadays by sharp-faced harpies who will rip off the tourist just to keep in practice. There is no joy or pleasure there.

It was not always thus. There was once a hotel like the Luk Kwok. It was called The Showboat and was, as far as I know, the only hotel in the world with obscene matchboxes. I once took a European girl there for the experience, and she wondered why there were mirrors on the ceiling. I explained the Chinese liked to shave while they were still in bed. Alas, The Showboat is another historical monument that has fallen to the wrecker's hammer.

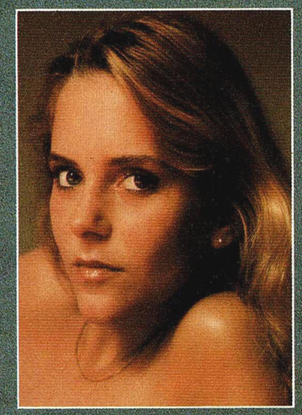
Those were times when bars such as The Tahiti and The Blue Sky were full of cheerful sorts such as Brandy Nancy, who were always available for a slap and tickle and were not over-pushy with the old "What ship you from? I love you, no shit. You buy me lady's drink?" nonsense.

Back in those pre-Vietnam days, the bars of Wanchai and Kowloon were pleasant watering holes and the chance of a bit of nooky was always there. True, the girls

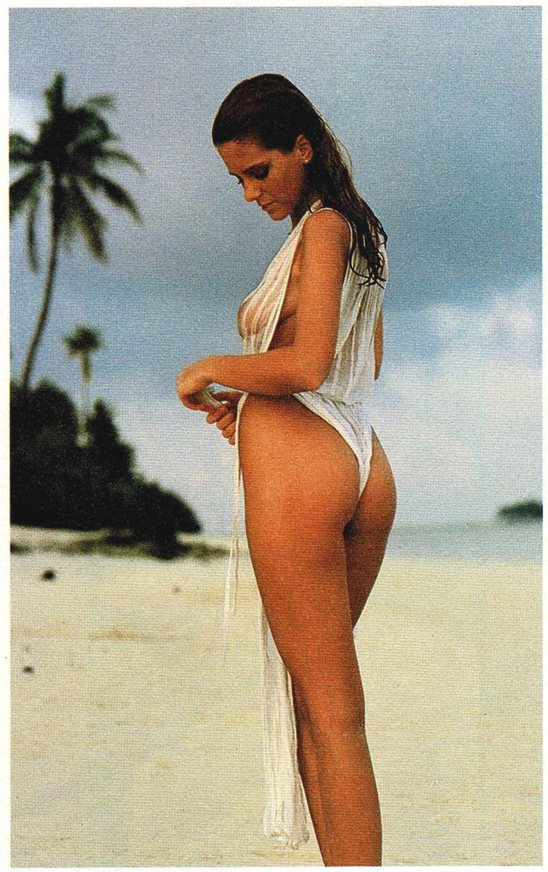
(continued on page 98)

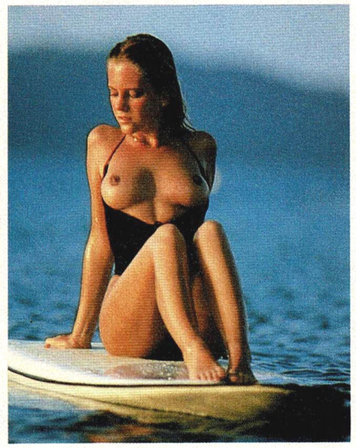
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANS RAUCHENSTEINER AND PETER WEISSBRICH

MMMM... MARCIA!

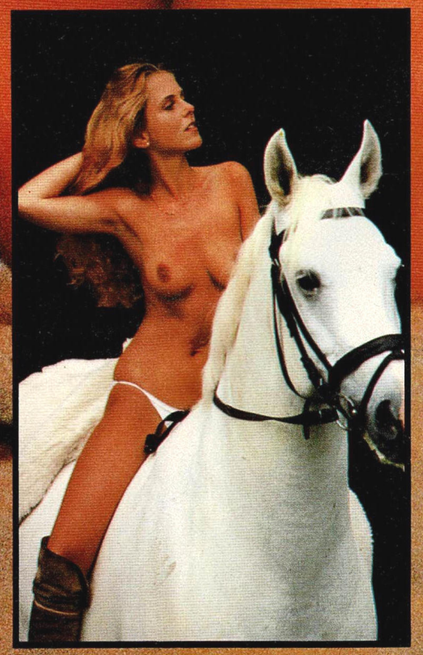


Divine Marcia Berger is one cool lady.





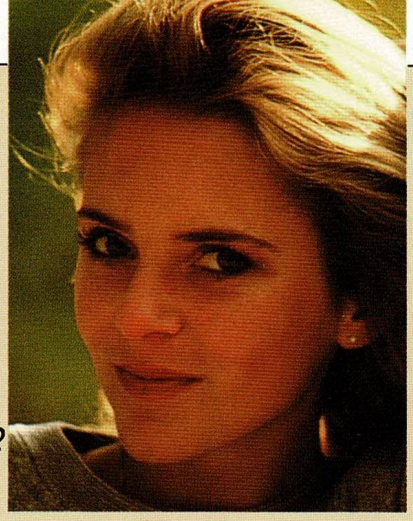
Marcia Berger is a cool customer. "Some people think I'm cold and arrogant," she explains. "It's not true. It's just that I have a greal deal of willpower and I'll do anything to get what I want." At this stage in her life, Marcia wants to be an artist. "I'm pretty determined to make a name for myself as a painter," she says. "But, if I fail, I've always got modelling to fall back on. I can cope with that."



Marcia admits that she's never had much interest in reading or formal study. "If I want to learn something new," she says, "I prefer to go out and experience it rather than just reading about it. Take sex, for example. I was 16 when I first slept with a man. That was early but it was very good and since then I've had a free attitude toward sex. I can make love anywhere. Even in the elevator between floors if necessary!" Going down, gentlemen?

Our level-headed Miss June says that she's turned on by humanity, eccentricity, aesthetics, the sun and classical music. When we asked her to tell us her hobbies, she just replied, "Love!" A few seconds later she admitted that swimming and horse-riding also rate highly on her list of favorite things. "What I don't like," says Marcia, "are people who are intolerant, dishonest and jealous. And I can't stand pessimistic types. I guess the man I'm looking for won't be any of those things. In fact, he'll be just like me."

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Marcia Berger



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Marcia Berger

BUST: 85cm (34") WAIST: 57cm (22½") HIPS: 85cm (34")

HEIGHT: 168cm WEIGHT: 51 kg SIGN: Sagittarius

BIRTH DATE: 25 · 11 · 61

AMBITIONS: To be a successful artist and to achieve everything I want.

TURN-ONS: Humanity, eccentricity, aesthetics, sun and music.

TURN-OFFS: Intolerance, lies, jealousy and people who are always pessimistic.

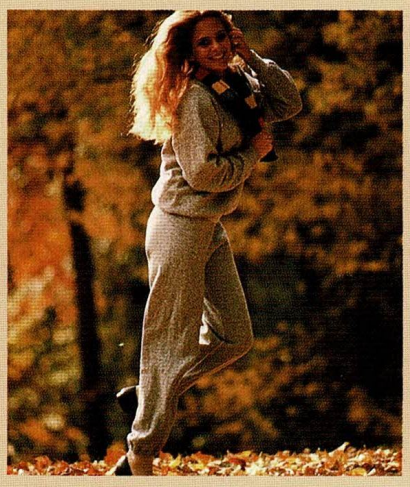
FAVORITE BOOKS: Kane and Abel, Master of the Game and any Agatha Christie mysteries.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Jack Nicholson, Stevie Wonder and Tina Turner.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Lovemaking, horse riding and swimming.

IDEAL MAN: I'll know when I find him.

SECRET FANTASY: To own a private beach and wander around naked all the time!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As he carried a cocker spaniel puppy home for his wife's birthday, Kevin ran into one of his neighbors.

"Hey, Bill," he said, "what do you think of the dog I got for my wife?"

"Hmmm. Not a bad trade, mate."

After spotting a woman at the bar drinking alone, the motor mechanic called the barman over.

"I want to buy that sheila a drink," he said with a nod in her direction.

"No, you don't," the barman replied.

"Yes, I *do*," the mechanic insisted.

With a shrug of his shoulders, the barman delivered a drink to the woman. Half an hour later, the customer ordered another drink for her.

"Look, mate," the barman said, "you *don't* want to buy her any drinks. She's a lesbian."

"So what?" came the reply. "Give her another drink."

Fifteen minutes later, the fellow decided the time was ripe to make his move and he sidled up to her barstool. "So tell me," he murmured, "what part of Lesbia are you from?"

Julie, where did you get that gorgeous mink?" the secretary asked her colleague. "I've been struggling for years to get one."

"Grow up, love," her friend advised. "Stop struggling!"

Amanda, a young socialite, purchased a chihuahua puppy with the intention of winning every blue ribbon in sight. Unfortunately she had been sold a pup in more ways than one. Chihuahuas are supposed to be hairless and her specimen had a cluster of hairs under its chin. This hairy crop excluded the dog from winning any major competitions.

She decided to try and do something about this unfortunate state of affairs so she went to her local pharmacy and asked the chemist to show her his best range of hair removers.

"What would you be using the hair remover for?" he inquired.

"Oh, I just want to remove a few hairs from my chihuahua before I show it," she replied.

The chemist looked a little embarrassed but hurriedly handed her a bottle and whispered, "This will do the job but you won't be able to ride a bike for about 10 days!"

The young, inexperienced man was staying on a Queensland resort island. Every day he paraded up and down the beach trying to pick up one of the lovely, nubile girls on the sand. None of them took the slightest bit of notice of him.

On the third day he noticed a rather weedy Frenchman who was surrounded by girls wherever he went. That evening he casually asked the guy to reveal why he was so successful with the opposite sex.

"It's easy, *mon ami*," came the reply. "Every morning I go to ze kitchen and get ze largest potato I can find and put it in my swimming costume. Ze girls, zay adore it!"

So the next morning the hopeful young man followed the Frenchman's example and then strutted up and down the beach in front of all the girls. To his dismay, the girls ignored him. Some of them actually laughed at him. Even a stray dog barked at him furiously.

At lunchtime he spotted the Frenchman by the pool surrounded by adoring women. "Hey, froggie!" he growled, "I thought you said this method of yours was foolproof."

"*Mais oui*," the Frenchman answered, "but not when you put the potato down the *back* of your swimming costume!"

How'd it go with that blind date last night?" Mike asked his mate.

"Don't ask," snapped his friend.

"Was she ugly?"

"Ugly? Was she *ugly*? When she was a kid and the boys played doctor, they made her the receptionist!"

The old man lay dying. He turned to his wife, patted her hand and said: "When I came home from the First World War, Joanie, there you were by my side. And when I was released from the POW camp in New Guinea in the Second World War, you were by my side, too."

Wiping a tear with his sleeve, he continued, "When our little shop went bankrupt and we were left without a cent, you, Joanie, were by my side. And now. . . now I'm dying and you are still by my side, Joanie.

"Joanie," he said, gazing hard at her, "you're a jinx!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Okay, I'll explain it again. If I do all the stuff that I'm good at, it's cheaper; if I gotta act innocent and inexperienced, it's really gonna cost you."

39 THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT SEX

SEX IS A subject that never ceases to amaze. Here are 39 things we bet you never knew about sex, let alone ever thought of asking!

Article by CHRISTOPHER FRYER

1. Disco music makes mice homosexual.

2. Ronald Reagan once said sex was best "in the afternoon after coming out of the shower".

3. Sigmund Freud had a railway phobia. He put it down to the fact that at the age of two he had shared a railway carriage with his mother, and had seen her naked.

4. Kissing can cause cavities.

5. The Swahili word for venereal disease is "kissinono".

6. In a survey of primitive societies throughout the world, the overwhelming majority preferred plump women.

7. The world record for the heaviest breasts is 23.6kg.

8. There is a form of billiards played in Scandinavia, where women sit on the floor, skirts lifted, legs spread, and men attempt to flick marbles into their vaginas.

9. The world's largest recorded piece of arse is from Africa, where each buttock measured 91.4cm across.

10. Sir Isaac Newton suffered from insomnia, some believe, because he never had sex.

11. According to rabbinical tradition, one of the four hateful types of men is "one who holds his virile member when making water".

12. The late King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia never saw the faces of his 400 brides.

13. Sodomy in ancient China was known as "sharing the peach".

14. Catherine the Great of Russia employed people to tickle her feet and slap her bottom.

15. The great sexologist, Havelock Ellis, suffered from urolagnia — erotic pleasure from drinking urine.

16. King Herod slept for seven years next to his dead wife, Marianne.

17. Women are least likely to be raped in December.

18. Kinsey reported six different types of male orgasm.

19. Cleopatra was known as "Merichane" (the gaper) because she once had oral sex with 100 Roman noblemen in one night.

20. Of all classes, the professional or white-collar worker masturbates the most.

21. Men in their sixties generally have one wet dream every two weeks.

22. Unable to consummate his marriage as a result of his revulsion to his wife's pubic hair, famed art historian John Ruskin fell in love with a 10-year-old girl.

23. Certain rabbinical interpreters of the Old Testament claim that Adam had sex with every creature in the Garden of Eden before God finally thought of creating Eve.

24. Kinsey claimed that university graduates were less likely than high school graduates to have homosexual experiences.

25. Ancient Egyptians sodomised their slain enemies so that they would not be pursued by ghosts.

26. Human sperm can live up to 3½ weeks.

27. In general, marriages improve after the husband has a heart attack.

28. According to a contemporary report of the Flagellant Movement during the Black Death in 1349, hordes of "gigantic women from Hungary, came into Germany, tore off their clothes, and beat themselves with rods".

29. In a recent paternity suit in Los Angeles filed by a young woman against seven Catholic priests, papers accompanying the suit stated that the archdiocese "may not be held liable for a priest's acts of a sexual nature, because such conduct is not within the scope of his duties."

30. In Britain, babies conceived through artificial insemination from a donor other than the husband are considered to be illegitimate.

31. In 1671, the streets of London were haunted by a phantom spanker known as "Whipping Tom". He would lurk in dark alleys, grab a passing wench, toss up her petticoats and spank her enthusiastically until she cried for help.

32. According to Kinsey, the most effective aphrodisiacs are "good health, sufficient exercise, and plenty of sleep".

33. Dr Masters (Masters and Johnson) read his first scientific paper in 1959 at the "Conference of the Vagina".

34. A popular Islamic expression claims, "The pilgrimage to Mecca is not perfected save by copulation with the camel."

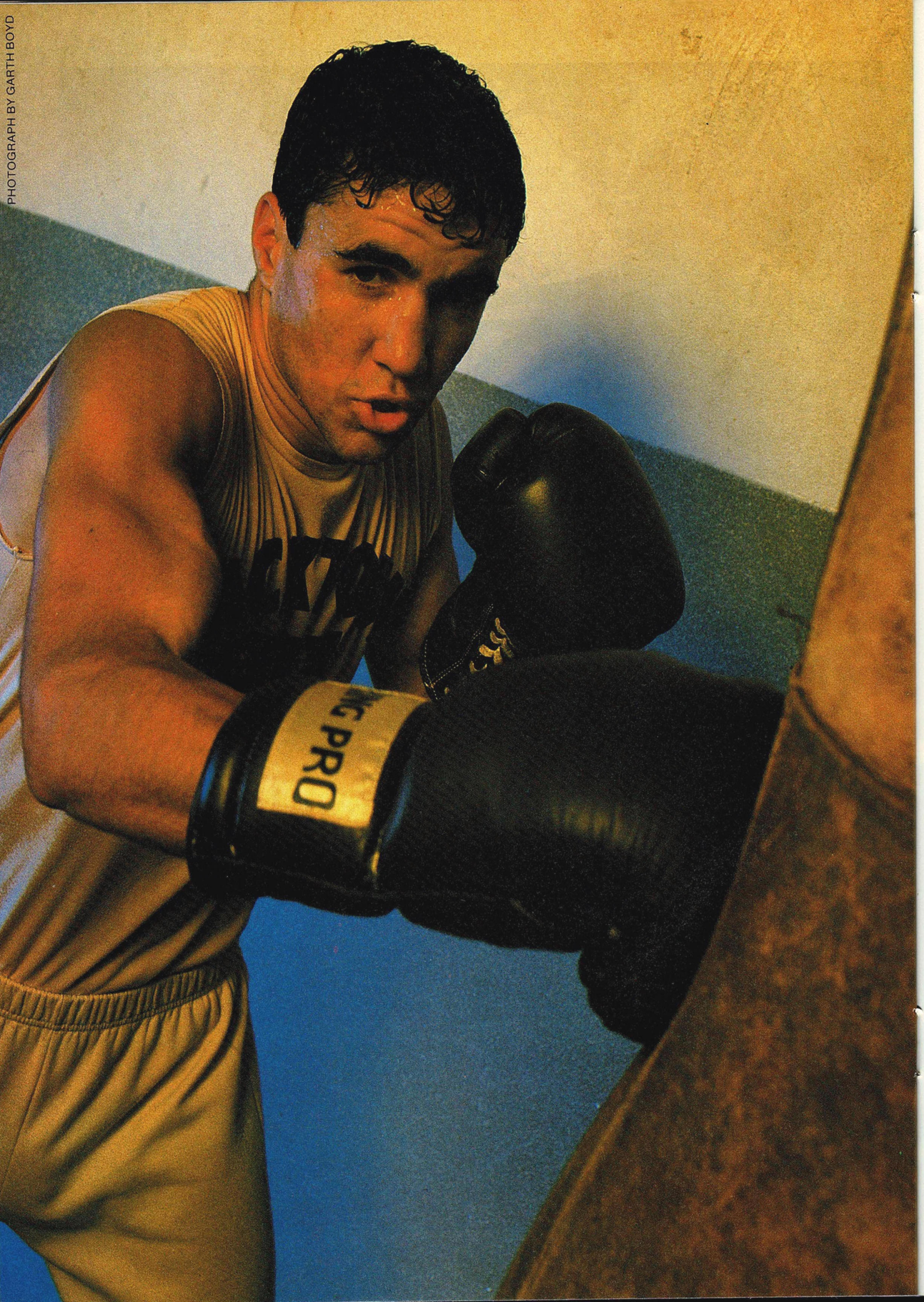
35. Sigmund Freud found American women particularly erotic.

36. There is a medical case involving a girl so allergic to sperm that as a result of her first sexual experience she developed a rash on her lips and eyelids; her tongue and throat became swollen; she had an asthma attack, violent pains in her pelvis, and finally lost consciousness.

37. Kinsey reports that university graduates have the highest incidence of wet dreams.

38. A surrogate mother in Britain was recently quoted as saying she would use the $8000 fee she received to purchase new carpets.

39. According to Nasamonian custom, all male wedding guests are supposed to make love with the bride.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARTH BOYD

20 QUESTIONS: JEFF FENECH

Australia's world champion bantamweight comes out fighting on idols, ambitions, the credibility of the IBF and the future of boxing Down Under.

Jeff Fenech has hit his way to fame and a world International Boxing Federation (IBF) bantamweight title with the attitude that from the start he never had anything to prove. Boxing is his job and he just goes about it as best he can. Robbed of an LA Olympic gold medal in 1984 after a decision to him was overturned, and with one world professional championship belt around his waist, Fenech doesn't intend to stop now.

Born 22 years ago of Maltese parents in the Sydney inner suburb of St Peters, Fenech has been a fighter for many years. Between the ages of 11 and 14, Friday nights were fight night for Fenech. Friday nights meant the speedway where little Jeff was just one of a 30-strong gang, the Newtown Hoods.

As a street fighter, Fenech describes himself as "just normal". He did his best and reckoned he was nothing special. But he was never sat on his arse. After a few good battles in the streets of Marrickville, Fenech was finally convinced by a Newtown constable and first grade rugby league prop forward, Pat Jarvis, to use his talents more constructively.

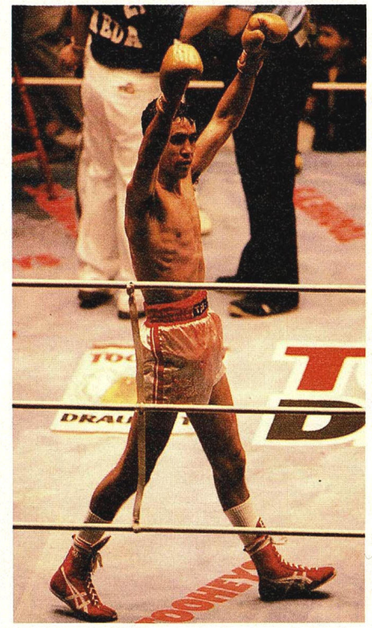
Jarvis pointed him toward the ring in the Newtown Police Boys' Club, where today he's on the management committee. The battered second-floor room, strung with punching bags and speed balls, and lined with old fight posters and a couple of full-length mirrors, is where Fenech still trains. It's not much more than twice the size of the roped-off ring in one corner, and they don't open the windows in training sessions. The heat and smell rise as the leather and sweat fly.

The loungeroom in Fenech's small flat in Marrickville is framed wall-to-wall with pictures of himself: young, skinny Jeff Fenech; Fenech with one of his heroes, former footballer Tommy Raudonikis; full-color Fenech, arms raised, with his oversized world championship belt slung around his waist. But the best photos, he says, are up in his recently purchased holiday house on the NSW Central Coast.

His reputation, Fenech asserts quietly, is the same today as when he was on the streets. He knows popularity can be fleeting (what boxer in Australia's history doesn't?) but the thought doesn't faze him. "As long as you've got friends you know you can trust, everything will be all right," he says.

As ***Kirk Willcox*** *found when he finally tracked Fenech down after a hectic series of promotions and appearances around Australia, this fighter is a likeable, cheeky larrikin with a quick wit.*

Willcox reports: "Jeff's description of himself from his early days as just a normal kind of street bloke from around Marrickville, doing the best he could, still



TONY NOLAN/STATE SPORTS CENTRE

fits. Now, however, Fenech drives an XJ12 Jaguar and, if he wants something, he can just go out and buy it. Fenech has shot to fame so fast, that he still has his detractors. You can't help but sense, however, this is one fighter we're going to be hearing a lot more of."

1.

PLAYBOY: Although you've won an IBF world title which you've successfully defended, some people claim it's only a second-rate title. What do you think of that?
FENECH: Well, when you're a winner people are always trying to bag you. They really don't know — it's just a lot of politics. If you're over in America you've a much better chance to fight for a WBC *[World Boxing Council]* or a WBA *[World Boxing Association]* title but while you're here in Australia, maybe the IBF is the only one you can go for. I'd fight any of them but they won't fight me, so it speaks for itself, you know. The title-holders in some divisions of the IBF might not be as strong as the WBC and the WBA, but there are other divisions where maybe the IBF bloke is the best fighter. For instance, Larry Holmes and Marvin Hagler. . . they've both got the IBF.

2.

PLAYBOY: What's your ultimate ambition in boxing?
FENECH: I'd like to win the whole three titles and also I'd like to be the first Australian ever to win two world titles in two different weight divisions. I'm fighting bantamweight at the moment, which is 8 stone 6 *[53.5 kg]*. I want the junior featherweight which is 8 stone 10 *[55.5 kg]*, the next division above mine.

3.

PLAYBOY: After beating American Jerome Coffee, you were quoted as saying you wanted to get out of boxing in a year. Why?
FENECH: Well, I didn't say I wanted to get out in a year. I said I wasn't going to be in the game for too long. I've got a few goals. They might take me 12 months and if I could reach them in that time I'm sure that then I'd give it away. But if it takes me 18 to 24 months then I might be in it for that long, but it would be no longer than two years.

4.

PLAYBOY: Has anyone ever claimed you've got a glass jaw? What would be your reaction to that?
FENECH: *[Laughing]* No, no. . . I've never been knocked down, never, so I don't know how anyone could claim that. They would have to be jealous people, and they don't worry me.

5.

PLAYBOY: What motivates you to box?
FENECH: Firstly, wanting to win for people that have helped me. My trainer, Johnny Lewis; my manager, Col Love; my parents, and my girlfriend, Tania. And secondly I'm in there fighting for all Australians. I'm proud to be Australian. It's good for Australia to have a world champion in any sport and hopefully I can just keep going for that. Of course I get a lot of self enjoyment out of it. . . like I get enjoyment when I

walk into a place such as the Sydney Entertainment Centre and see 12,000 people all shouting for me. It makes it that much easier.

6.

PLAYBOY: How are you handling the recognition? You live in a pretty quiet area near Cooks River, and a lot of people there would recognise you wherever you go. Does that bother you?

FENECH: Well, you know, I'd rather them recognise me than not but, yeah, it's pretty hard. Still, it's like a part of the job to me now. I've gotta say hello to people and do the right thing.

7.

PLAYBOY: How do you psych yourself up just prior to a fight? *[There's a knock on the door, Jeff gets up to answer it and in comes first grade rugby league player Mario Fenech, who's no relation, and another of Jeff's mates, Essy. After some banter about women and Jeff's recent trip to Perth the interview continues.]*

FENECH: My trainer, Johnny Lewis, does most of that for me, just talking to me. Also I have people like Mario, Essy and other friends all in the room with me. They're not just gecing me up all the time, we're having a bit of a laugh here and there and they're keeping me mentally right, you know.

8.

PLAYBOY: We've noticed you always come out for a fight with your hands on Johnny's shoulders, bouncing. Why?

FENECH: That's just my love for him, you know. Like I said I know I've got to do it for the people that have helped me so it makes it that much easier.

9.

PLAYBOY: How important is winning in the United States for you?

FENECH: I'm not going to the United States. I want to continue to set up my fights here through promoter Bill Mordey. I think I owe Bill that much.

10.

PLAYBOY: What percentage of the gate do you demand now or is it a straight-out purse, win or lose?

FENECH: We sign before the fight. We might sit down, or my manager or trainer might say they want $10,000 and that's that and then I get 10 percent of the gate. And that's win or lose.

11.

PLAYBOY: There's been a boxing revival in Australia lately. There's yourself, Barry Michael, Lester Ellis, a full house at the Sydney Entertainment Centre, and the ABC doing live TV coverage. Why has it suddenly become so popular again?

FENECH: Yeah, well, Australia was losing the cricket and we weren't doing very well at any sport. Like in rugby league they lost one Test and it was pretty close and they were just waiting for somebody to do well in sport and then a few boxers came around. It's a great sport anyway and people like nothing more than watching two blokes fight. Now is a time when boxing is at its best and we might get a few more good prospects, like a few people who didn't box will take it up. I think it will always have its ups and downs.

12.

PLAYBOY: On a personal level, what's been the best thing to come out of winning the title?

FENECH: *[Thoughtfully]* Plenty of sheilas! Nah, I don't know, most probably if I want something I can just go and buy it.

13.

PLAYBOY: How much training do you need to do for a fight?

FENECH: I train twice a day, seven days a week. An hour running in the morning and a couple of hours in the gym in the afternoon. That and plenty of sex.

14.

PLAYBOY: Plenty of sex?

FENECH: Nah, nah. Hate it. . . poofter! *[Laughing]*

15.

PLAYBOY: What are your feelings about the bloke you're fighting?

FENECH: *[Pause]* I hate him, huh. That's why I don't like to see very much of him before the fight. Once in the ring I'm trying to knock him out, trying to do whatever I can to him with every punch. Hurt him as bad as I can.

16.

PLAYBOY: Which boxer do you most admire?

FENECH: Marvin Hagler. I really like his style and his mean looks. And his professionalism.

17.

PLAYBOY: What comes after your boxing career? Have you thought about that?

FENECH: Ah, maybe. I've been talking to a bloke who sponsors me at Blacktown City Motors and I'm thinking about going into the car business with him. It's not real hard work so I wouldn't mind that.

18.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen any of the Rocky movies?

FENECH: Yep. They're great. I think they're really motivational. Seen 'em all. Now and then I put 'em on before my fights.

19.

PLAYBOY: What do you do to relax?

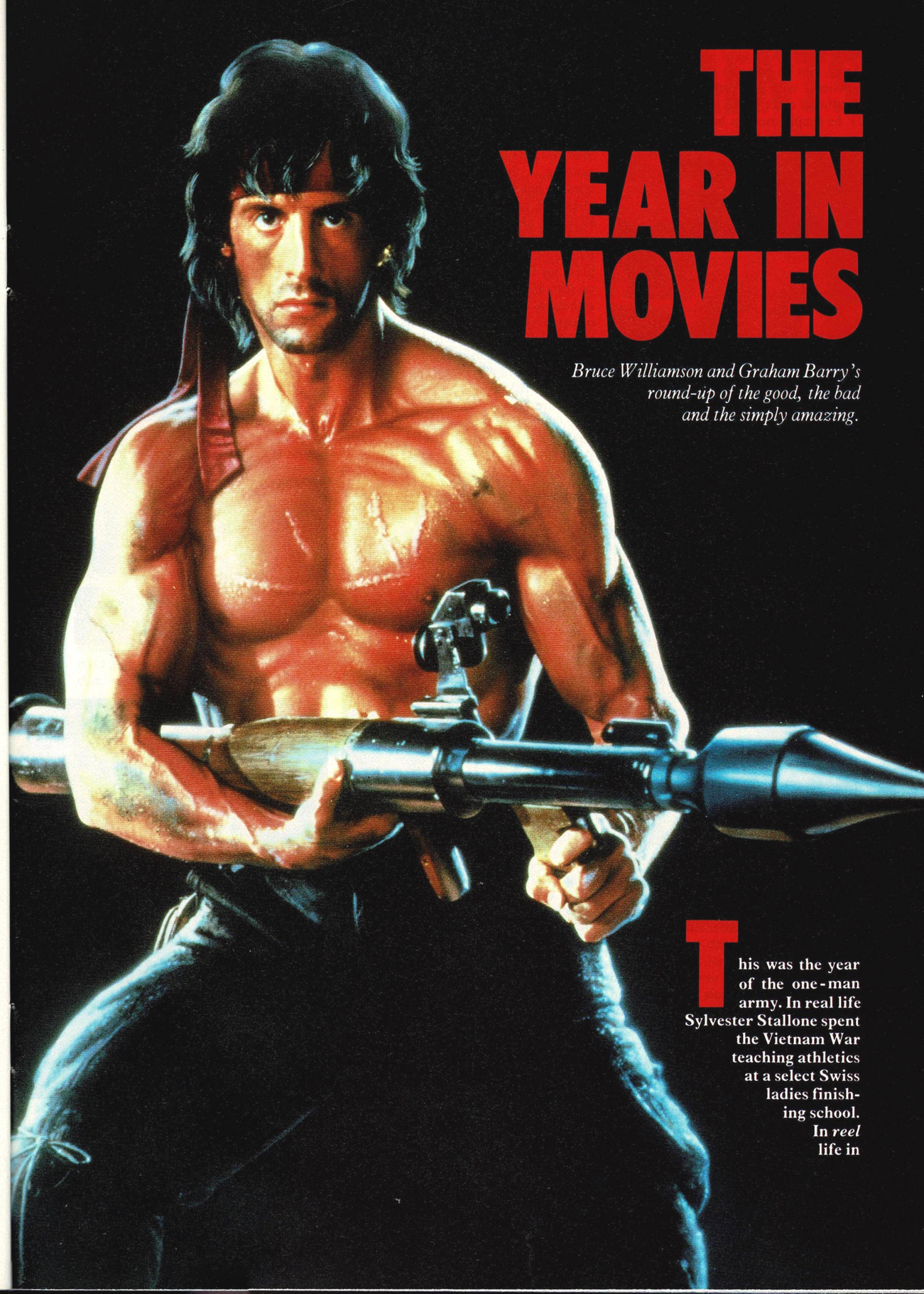
FENECH: I play touch footie and I coach an under-17 rugby league side, The Warriors, in the South Sydney competition. I play tennis with Mario Fenech but he flogs me. I also play indoor cricket at the Police Boys' Club. Mario's tried to get me into chess but I won't have that.

20.

PLAYBOY: Are you still bitter about your Olympic loss when the decision which went to you was reversed?

FENECH: Yeah, I'll always be bitter about that. I would have been the first Australian ever to win a gold medal for boxing in the Olympics. When I sit down and just sort of think about boxing, you know, I still would have liked a gold medal hanging there.

"You figure it. We're naked, and we're not horny and we're not frustrated. They wear clothes, and they're continually preoccupied with sex."

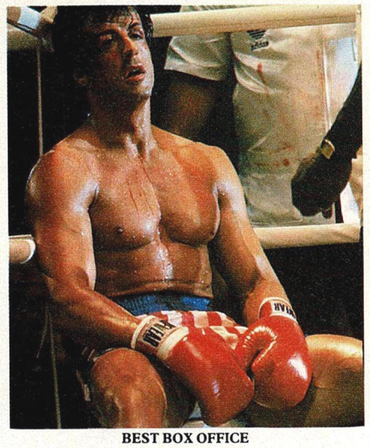


THE YEAR IN MOVIES

Bruce Williamson and Graham Barry's round-up of the good, the bad and the simply amazing.

This was the year of the one-man army. In real life Sylvester Stallone spent the Vietnam War teaching athletics at a select Swiss ladies finishing school. In *reel* life in

Rambo, he took on most of the Vietnamese Army, not to mention large numbers of Russians, with his combat knife and a handful of other useful weapons; in *Rocky IV* he simply used his bare hands. Arnold



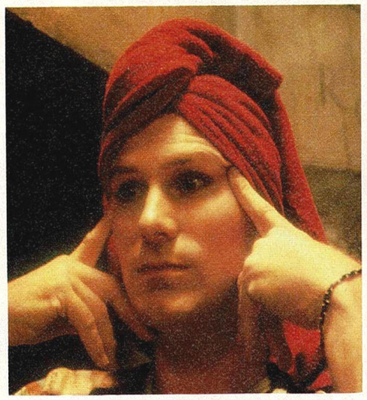
MICHAEL NEVEUX

BEST BOX OFFICE
Sylvester Stallone
Rambo* and *Rocky IV

The awful truth is that *Rambo* made $1.163m Australia-wide in 57 theatres *in the first week*, which was an all-time record until *Rocky IV* came along and stomped it into the ground with $1.8m in the first week. They tried all kinds of gimmicks with *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome* (such as running it through the night over its opening holiday weekend) but the figure, although colossal, didn't compare at $939,000. On the other hand, the overall winner for the year is the unpretentious *Back To The Future*, which grossed around $15m for UIP, who will be happy to finish up with $12m-plus for *Rocky IV*, while an archetypal children's movie, *The Never-ending Story* has earned $2m in its *18-month* run. And with all this beefcake about, why did we give the most macho award to William Hurt for his limited release *Kiss Of The Spider Woman*? Because it takes balls to wear a dress and make it work to the tune of $500,000 in seven weeks from a mere four screens Australia-wide. And how many Oscar nominations did all those one-man armies rate?

BEST HEROINE
Tina Turner
Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome

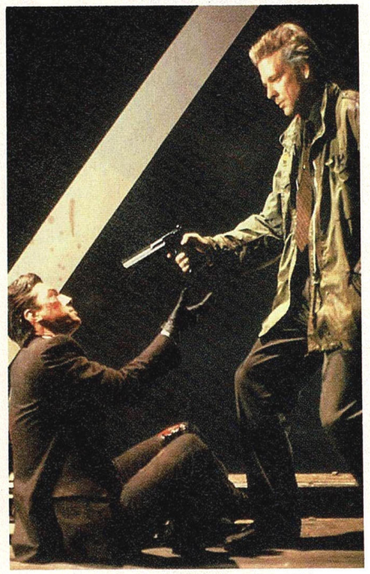
Schwarzenegger took on barracks full of near-sighted mercenaries in *Commando*. And Chuck Norris took on the city of Chicago in *Code Of Silence*. Sly beat Arnold and Chuck by a bicep in newspaper polls to find the most macho male in movies, and President Reagan, who sometimes seems unable to differentiate between Hollywood and what is laughingly referred to as reality in the White House, took to quoting Rambo at press conferences. Our vote went to good old Aussie Mad Max, who proved in *Beyond Thunderdome* that we did need another hero after all, one who could take on Tina Turner singlehanded. His weapons were even more eccentric than Rambo's, but the odds were never quite so incredible, and there was a blessed absence of racism and gung-ho patriotism.



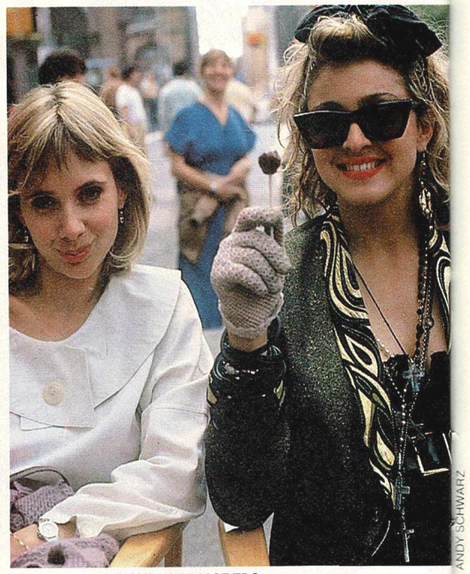
MOST MACHO ACTOR
William Hurt
Kiss Of The Spider Woman

BEST LINES

The problem with one-man armies is that they don't say much. Chuck Norris in *Code Of Silence* pretty much summed it up with: "If I want your opinion I'll beat it out of you." But there were some marvellous lines elsewhere. What about Alexandra Pigg from that minor British masterpiece, *Letters*



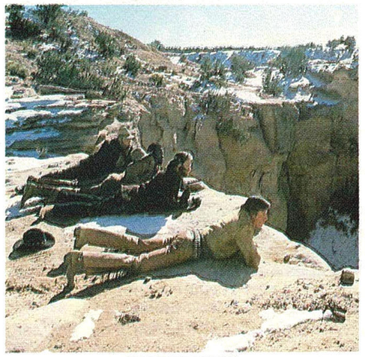
BEST RACIST MALE CHAUVINIST PIG
Mickey Rourke
Year Of The Dragon



ANDY SCHWARZ

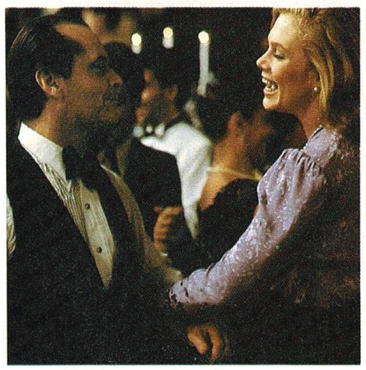
BEST ROLE MODELS
Rosanna Arquette, Madonna
Desperately Seeking Susan

To Brezhnev, arguing with a rival about a one-night stand: "He was useless. I'd rather sit on my finger." Incredibly, the best line in *Desperately Seeking Susan* came, not from Madonna, nor even from Rosanna Arquette, but from Laurie Metcalfe as Arquette's neurotic sister-in-law, who says of her, "Why can't she take a valium like any normal person!" Then there was Steve Guttenberg in *Cocoon* as Tahnee Welch removes her skin: "If this is foreplay, I'm a dead man." And John Gielgud in one of the



BEST WESTERN
The great unwatched gang
Silverado

great scene-stealing roles of all time as the ambassador in *Plenty*: "He had his tongue so far up my fundament you could scarcely see the soles of his feet." Perhaps instead of quoting Rambo, Reagan should quote Jack Nicholson, the good mafia man in *Prizzi's Honor*: "Just because she's a thief and a murderer doesn't mean she's not a good woman. She's an American." Top honors go to Maggie Smith as the triumphant social climber to her hubby in *A Private Function*:



BEST LINES
"Do I marry her? Do I ice her?"
Jack Nicholson
Prizzi's Honor

"Well, Gilbert, I believe sexual intercourse is indicated."

For bad lines there was a scene in *Return To Oz*, where they wheel the heroine in for shock therapy and we hear: "It's been six months since the tornado and Dorothy hasn't been herself since. . ." But the prize must go to Stallone as *Rambo* on being offered an assignment in Vietnam while still breaking rocks in the penitentiary: "Do we get to win dis time, Colonel?" You do, John, all on your own you do!

MAGIC MOMENTS

The year had more than its fair share of magic moments. After *Back To The Future* will you ever again put on Calvin Klein underwear without smiling? Anyone who has fumed to the accompaniment of popcorn crunchers and lolly wrapper rattlers will have applauded the on-screen characters in *The Purple Rose Of Cairo* who told chatty moviegoers to shut up. Who will ever forget Madonna in *Desperately Seeking Susan* upturning the hand-dryer in the ladies' loo in order to dry off her magnificent armpits? Do you wonder if beauty *is* skin deep after watching Tahnee Welch take it all off in *Cocoon* (which also had a rejuvenated oldie, Wilford Brimley, following his wife into the shower with the immortal words, "You want candy, little girl?").

And last, and possibly best of all, hands up all those who cheered when Harrison Ford pulverised the young punk who was bullying one of the pacifist Amish in *Witness*.

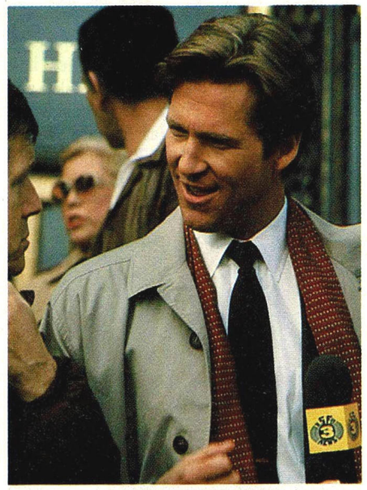
RALPH NELSON

BEST HISTORY OF ROCK
Michael J. Fox's solo
Back To The Future

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA WHERE?

It should have been a great year for Australian movies, with Mad Max consolidating the enormous inroads made on the US market by *Road Warrior*. But although *Beyond Thunderdome* took around $US18m ($A26m) in the States it was completely eclipsed by Stallone's native sons and was undeniably disappointing after the promise of its predecessor. The great surprise hit was *Bliss*, which recovered from a mass walkout by overseas critics at the Cannes Film Festival, a messy dispute with the Australian censorship board and a cold shoulder from the distributors to achieve a grudging opening at Sydney's Pitt Centre which broke house records and resulted in a six-month run and a gross of $1m Australia-wide. As for the rest, *The Coca-Cola Kid* flopped disastrously, the abysmal *Wills And Burke — The Untold*

BEST SEXUAL CHEMISTRY
Harrison Ford, Kelly McGillis
Witness



BEST YUPPIE PSYCHOPATH
Jeff Bridges
Jagged Edge

Story received the treatment it deserved and disappeared after a few days, while the much-touted *Burke And Wills* proved to be a multi-million dollar failure, not least because it was about half an hour too long.

BEST SCIENCE PROJECT
Kelly Le Brock
Weird Science

BEST YOUNG SPIELBERG
The gang
The Goonies

TEN BEST

Back To The Future Can't recall ever having so much fun in a time warp.
Cocoon Ron Howard does it again with a glorious fairytale about oldies accidentally recovering their youth from some visiting ETs. Just watch Don Ameche breakdance!
Desperately Seeking Susan One of the best off-beat comedies in years with star quality from both Madonna and Rosanna.
Eleni Kate Nelligan as a Greek mama in the civil war shows what it's like to literally die for your children, in a role which makes Streep's Sophie seem insipid.
Kiss Of The Spider Woman Men behind bars — in love in a way. William Hurt and Raul Julia lift this odd original out of the minors with red-hot teamwork.
Out Of Africa Overlong but nevertheless stunning blend of historical drama and National Geographic locations with Meryl Streep's most meticulous performance to date.
Perfect Worth it just for Jamie Lee Curtis's aerobics, but John Travolta's sleazy journo rounded out an excellent story. Unfairly underrated.
Prizzi's Honor Veteran director John Huston's *tour de force* transcends Nicholson's silly attempt at Italian accent. Great performances from Kathleen Turner and Anjelica Huston.
Repo Man Oddball hit of the year, with Harry Dean Stanton and Emilio Estevez accidentally repossessing a car with aliens in the boot.
Witness Australian director Peter Weir hit the jackpot by blending a police thriller with a lyrical romance set in rustic beauty of the Amish community.

TEN WORST

Burke And Wills So badly and boringly constructed it seemed to finish in the middle. B&W cavorting on the beach they never reached is one of the silliest scenes *not* in Australian history.
The Coca-Cola Kid Arty East European director tried to see quaint little Australia through American eyes and succeeded only in embarrassing.
Into The Night Director John Landis proves *The Blues Brothers* wasn't all John Belushi's fault, although male lead Jeff Goldblum looked like he was in the wrong movie.
Legend After *Alien* and *Blade Runner* how could Ridley Scott fail? With this mish-mash of whimsy and magic and a wooden-faced actor called Tom Cruise.
Rambo In *First Blood* Stallone conveyed all the pathos of having fought the wrong war and lost. In this travesty of the original he decided the US would win, even if he had to do it all himself.
Revolution The spirit of 1776 ploughed under by Pacino, Kinski and Sutherland, aided and abetted by Hugh (*Greystoke*) Hudson.
Rocky IV Stallone's bank balance swells as his inspiration dwindles.
St Elmo's Fire The formula film of the year. Mix *The Big Chill* with *Peyton Place* and a dash of *The Breakfast Club* and what do you get? Total insincerity, that's what.
A View To A Kill Just how many times can they wheel out wrinkled Roger? Forever, apparently. It made $10million in Australia alone!
Wills And Burke: The Untold Story Somebody's idea of a comic version of the epic wasn't even as funny as *Burke And Wills*.

TURNER *(continued from page 32)*

I thought I'd act my arse off in Crimes Of Passion. It was a correct decision. I think it's my best work.

and I didn't think that was fair. So I told my agent that I really wanted that audition and evidently he called in a favor to him and they agreed to see me.

PLAYBOY: And you convinced Reiner.

TURNER: And Steve. And 15 minutes later they asked me if I would do it. It may have helped that at the reading, I did a faint and then ended up climbing Steve's leg.

PLAYBOY: Martin's character was frustrated. The furthest he got with you, even after marriage, was when you sucked his fingers.

TURNER: Yeah. I had mixed feelings about that, but what the hell. I did refuse to do that arse scene at the end. He comes in and she's with this guy and she says, "He came in and said he'd pay me $15,000 to touch my arse; I have to make a living; don't you want me to work?" I really thought that was tacky and tasteless and chauvinistic stuff. I refused to do that. They used a double.

PLAYBOY: So that was not your arse?

TURNER: No, it was not my arse.

PLAYBOY: Joan Wilder in *Romancing The Stone* was your first sympathetic role, then?

TURNER: Right. The first nice girl. It meant a lot because I was afraid I was starting to get a little type-cast. The villainesses are interesting to do because they don't ever want to appear straight out as villainesses; otherwise they would never get what they want, so they are always acting something. There are more levels, but I never wanted to be stuck in one kind of role. My husband went back to the old home town. Everybody knew Jay and I were getting married and they all wanted to know, "Is she really a bitch?" That was the first question. We have a pact. When someone asks Jay, "What's she really like?" I'll always love him for saying, "She makes great fried chicken." So sure, I definitely wanted to get away from too much of the villainess stuff.

PLAYBOY: Which you did in *Romancing The Stone*. You've said that Joan Wilder was the only role you had done that was close to the real you. In what ways are you like Joan?

TURNER: I think I'm very often wilfully naive. I want to believe things until they are proven to be otherwise. I understood that part of Joan very well.

PLAYBOY: Some wouldn't call your decision to do *Crimes Of Passion* level-headed. You accepted one of the most explicit roles any mainstream actress has played — that of China Blue, a businesswoman by day who is a prostitute by night. It has become something of a cult hit and has scenes in it that are so hot, if the film had been rated, it probably would have earned an X.

TURNER: I was up against a lot to do *Crimes Of Passion*. Jay was very concerned about my doing it. My mother was absolutely appalled by the idea. Even my agent had very mixed feelings about doing it. I was doubtful. I was afraid of the sex, but I got contractual approval on the way everything would be shot and all that. I had contractual approval to say yes or no. I had one week when I changed my mind and tried to get out of it and realised I couldn't and shouldn't. In a way all these people telling me not to do it almost made me decide absolutely that I must. The idea was very exciting. It was an acting *tour de force*, and you don't get offered too many of these, especially if you are becoming a commercial Hollywood leading lady. They don't want you going out on a limb and risking your reputation with these kinds of roles because then you might lose audience. As time goes on and you become more popularly successful, the odds are you start to be limited in your choice of roles. I can't imagine they would offer me that role now after another hit or two. So I really thought it was a good time to grab it, to go for that kind of stretch and because I thought I would act my arse off in it. And I think it was a correct decision. I think that *Crimes* is my best work. I'm very pleased with it. I'm not pleased with the film. It's not as good as I wanted it to be, but I like the work very much.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever have to exercise your contractual control over the sex scenes?

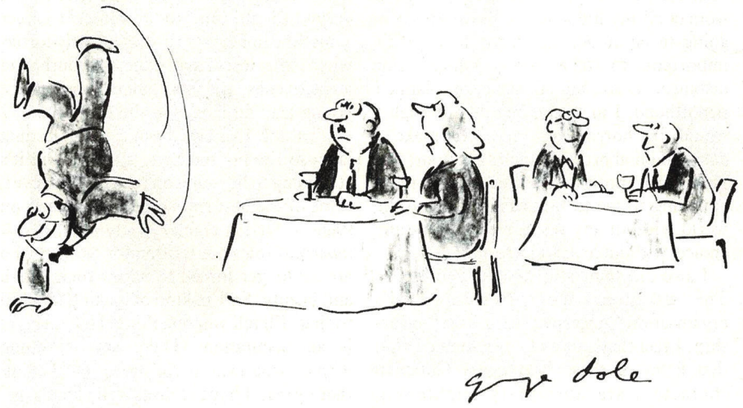
TURNER: Only one time. It was just ridiculous. The writer on that piece became extremely unreasonable. I guess he felt his control wasn't as powerful as he intended it to be. In the scene with the old man — when China is hired by the wife of a dying man — they wanted me to do it naked, without a bra on or anything, and I said, "That's ridiculous. Everybody's going to spend all their time wondering when I'm going to get dressed, to begin with." Essentially this is a beautiful scene, it's the only time when the woman allows her two lives to cross over and it's a shock to her. This is not about whether or not she's going to fuck the old man. But the writer just wanted to humiliate me, really.

PLAYBOY: You nixed that one, yet you allowed a very kinky S&M scene. Why?

TURNER: I found that very, very upsetting, but I'm basically an actor and if the director, whom I admire and respect, says we've got to have this scene, then I will certainly try to make it work and I did try to make that work. I wasn't happy with the S&M scene but it has a reason, has a point. The pay-off is when he spits in her face and she's got that scene in the bathroom when she's crying and trying so desperately to put make-up on and pull herself back together. That's when she knows she's not in control, she's been fooling herself this whole time about this whore character being free. So that's worth it.

PLAYBOY: Your next role was *Prizzi's Honor*, with Jack Nicholson, directed by John Huston. That was certainly less controversial a decision.

TURNER: Yes, though not necessarily for Jack. He was never quite sure about the script. Jack has told this story so it's okay to tell it. John couldn't understand why, after several readings, Jack was still troubled by the script. He said to him, "It's a very funny

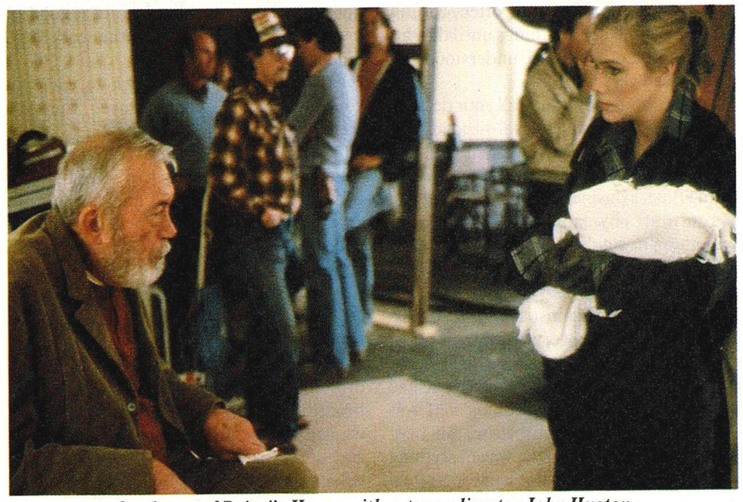


"I hate it when you overtip!"

story, what's wrong with you?" Jack said, "What? It's a comedy?" He had never seen it as a comedy. He read it again and said, "Holy shit, this *is* funny!" They wouldn't confirm that I had the offer until they knew they had Jack. They didn't know they had Jack for months. I turned down another film because it would have been a conflict. I finally had to call up Jack and say, "Hey, guy, give me a hint." The next week he agreed to it.

PLAYBOY: How was it to work with Nicholson?

TURNER: I think he's a stunning actor. He's unique. I don't know. With some actors, Jack included, it's not *why* they are so good. It's that they are who they are. Jack is technically excellent. You never have to worry if you are depending on a move or an emphasis or the pace of a line, you'll get it from Jack. I got a little spoiled working with him. All I have to do is act — that's all. I don't have to take care of anybody else.



On the set of Prizzi's Honor with veteran director John Huston.

PLAYBOY: Jack joked about working with this sexy lady — you.

TURNER: Off camera. Right. I asked him if he was having a good time. He said, "How can I be having a good time? I'm working with a bunch of old men and a goddamn newlywed." [*Laughing*] Actually, I think he and Anjelica probably had a very good time.

PLAYBOY: But the role wasn't exactly sympathetic, for all that you wanted a change. A hit lady who gets bumped off by her husband isn't exactly the all-American girl.

TURNER: [*Shrugging*] Hey! It was just business, ya know? Part of it was just to go for the old charm. There was no explanation or justification for her at all. My God, these people are completely amoral. These people live in their own world with their own codes of honor. She broke it and she's got to pay the price. It's very moral in that sense. On her side, as one line goes, "She's an American trying to get ahead." [*Another shrug in character*] Hey! Business is business. She broke da rules.

PLAYBOY: And obviously, the sex scenes in *Prizzi's Honor* are of a different order from the ones in your other movies.

TURNER: The love scene on the bed was just a gas to do. I think that's one of the secrets of doing good sex on film, actually. I think that just having intense, intense kissing or touching is really kind of boring and archaic. I think the real joy is finding joy. I always try to laugh, always try to put in a gurgle of joy, because that touches people much more than watching someone pant. I mean, when we hit the headboard and it's banging the wall — there isn't a person in the world who doesn't know that sound [*laughing*].

PLAYBOY: What attracted you to your most recent film, *Peggy Sue Got Married*?

TURNER: The script and the director, Francis Coppola.

PLAYBOY: Outside of your film roles, you've been active in certain political causes. Does it bother you that some people sneer at actors using their platforms to advance their causes?

TURNER: I'll tell you: I'm going to be a woman all my life and I'm not necessarily going to be an actress all my life. So it's important to take some stands. For instance, I am an advocate of planned parenthood. I'm on the board. Although I would be horrified to have to make a decision on abortion myself, I support the pro-choice position because it is more appalling to me to bring children into the world without any resources, without any choice, without love and a future.

I also did some stuff for the People For The American Way, Norman Lear's organisation concerned with anti-censorship. I feel that's terribly important. I find that a lot of these born-again Christian characters are absolutely frightening because they are making political judgements under this blanket of Christian sanctity. It is such hypocrisy that I really find it amazing that they have the stature that they do. I definitely think they're a serious threat. The justification they use is that they are the personification of God's will, so any action against them is an action against God, which is unbelievable arrogance. Nobody has informed me that there's been another Jesus Christ.

PLAYBOY: Switching back to your personal life, why did you decide to get married?

TURNER: After *Romancing*, I had this idea that I was becoming somewhat known, and that I had the leisure to attack this whole New York dating society scene. I went out with a couple of guys who were very nice but I just hated it. I would find myself calling them up at 6 o'clock before a dinner engagement and saying, "Listen, if you think anything is going to happen after dinner, forget it." "No, no, no, I just wanted the pleasure of your company." Right. Sure. Eleven o'clock and you're still trying to shove him out the door. I was very flustered. I didn't enjoy it very much. I decided that obviously that was not going to be my way of life. It had a little to do with *Body Heat*. People expected me to be very glamorous and sensual and perhaps even easy, who knows?

I was living in a small apartment that I really hated. I figured it was time that I had a nice place. A friend knew this guy, Jay Weiss, who owned buildings and was in the business, and asked him if he would help me find an apartment. At first he refused — he said he didn't do that kind of thing — but she bugged him and finally he lined up a bunch of apartments and took me to look at these buildings, none of which I liked. After, I took him to lunch to thank him for his effort. Then we talked until 4 o'clock in the morning and after that I think every single night I was in New York we went out together. At first he didn't want to, well, get involved with an actress, so I had to persuade him. He couldn't resist me [*laughing*].

PLAYBOY: What do you see ahead?

TURNER: I'd like to keep acting forever. I don't see any reason why I won't. There is a very difficult time in a woman's career sometime in her late thirties or early forties where she loses that edge of youth and attractiveness and is no longer considered a young leading lady. On the other hand, I don't think I've ever been a *young* leading lady, so I'm not too upset about it. But it's still going to be tough on the ego. However, some of the best roles ever, particularly on stage — Hedda Gabler, Lady Macbeth — *numerous* roles are written for women who are no longer forced to barter their youth and beauty. So I'm kind of looking forward to that. I'll tell you one thing: Helen Hayes is an inspiration. There she is, doing *Airport*-whatever at the age of 69. I think that's great. I hope to do as well. That's me, *Airport 17*.

As Brigitte Bardot in **And God Created Woman**

BEST SELLERS

Peter and Britt's naughty daughter, Victoria, plays her favorite screen sirens.

Lovely Victoria Sellers, daughter of Peter and actress Britt Ekland, has some rather large family footsteps in which to follow. Her famous father (that's him, above) was a master of comedy and disguise and young Victoria was brought up by various stand-in parents during a whirlwind movie-colony childhood. With her background, a showbiz career was inevitable and she has been working with a comedy improvisation group. And now, in this memorable PLAYBOY pictorial, Victoria has chosen to portray favorite roles from some of the world's most enduring movies. Although she shows great potential as a screen siren, Miss Sellers has been making headlines for a rather different reason. Earlier this year she was indicted in the US on charges relating to her alleged involvement in a cocaine ring that has resorted to drug-connected burglary, beatings and murder. At the time of going to press, she had been released on $100,000 bail.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

As Elizabeth Taylor in **Cleopatra**

As Jane Russell in **The Outlaw**

When Victoria was a teenager, her mother's live-in companion was rock star Rod Stewart — a situation most teens would envy. "I didn't really know who he was," Victoria admits. "I suppose I had heard his songs but when I was living with them I didn't really make the connection." These days Britt is married to Slim Jim Phantom, ex-drummer for the Stray Cats, who now plays with a group called Phantom, Rocker And Slick. "Yeah!" says Victoria, laughing. "My mum's husband is 25!" Victoria's used to mind-boggling situations and she admits her mother has gone out with even younger men. "When I'm her age — she's 43 now — I hope I'm having as much fun as she is," smiles Victoria. "I'm going to be swinging!"

As Raquel Welch in **One Million Years BC**

As Sophia Loren in **Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow**

As Brooke Shields in **The Blue Lagoon**

Life with the mercurial Sellers provided some, well, interesting moments for the young Victoria. She, of course, viewed him differently from those who knew him only from his movies. "He was always nice to me," she reveals. "He almost never said no to anything. But then there were other times. Once he freaked out because I was wearing all purple. He had this weird idea that some colors were bad. He got on me for that so I went to my room and didn't talk to him for, like, a day and a half. I just stayed in my room, and finally he called me out to say he was sorry. Then he gave me, like, $1000 — this was when I was about 13 — and told me to go out and buy a new wardrobe so that I wouldn't have to wear purple. Then we made up!" The comparisons between Victoria and her famous father are inevitable. Luckily, her genes contain the spark of a similar comedic talent. She's animated and quick-witted, often doing little character bits or changing voices in mid-sentence. "I want to be an actress who keeps going in the movies," she says. "I don't want to be someone who, when she's older, is forgotten."

As Maria Schneider in **Last Tango In Paris**

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

WRESTLING IS NOW CHIC. WRESTLEMANIA HAS SWEPT THE COUNTRY. FIGHTERS LIKE HULK HOGAN, ROWDY RODDY PIPER AND JUNKYARD DOG ATTRACT CELEBRITIES LIKE CYNDI LAUPER, LIBERACE AND THE INCOMPARABLE MR.T. ANNIE, TOO, IS AT THE MATCHES, WHERE SHE FINDS THE ANSWER TO THAT ETERNAL QUESTION, "WHAT HAS FOURTEEN TEETH AND AN I.Q. OF FIFTY?" ANSWER: "THE FIRST TEN ROWS OF ANY WRESTLING CROWD."

SO THESE ARE YOUR WRESTLERS! ARE THEY SELF-TAUGHT, OR DID THEY GET THEIR START WITH COLLEGE WRESTLING?

THEY WERE PROBABLY LESS INFLUENCED BY COLLEGE WRESTLING AND MORE BY THE SAN DIEGO ZOO!

I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE ASKING ME TO REFEREE A WRESTLING MATCH. I'M AN ACTRESS!

WRESTLING IS ACTING, SWEETIE! ...FOR INSTANCE... HERE'S ONE OF MY BOYS, VON LOUSY NAZI! I PIT HIM AGAINST G.I. JOE. THE FANS LOVE IT!

THE FANS ARE VERY DEMONSTRATIVE, AREN'T THEY, SOLLY?

FANS ARE GREAT... JUST SO LONG AS THEY DON'T VOTE OR BREED!

YOUR MATCH IS NEXT, AFTER THE GIANT DINGUS AND GAY RAY!

LET ME DOWN ALREADY!

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, DARLING?

WATCH THOSE LOW BLOWS, GAY RAY!

ANNIE, HERE'S THE MATCH YOU'LL REFEREE... HUNK HOKUM VERSUS THE IRON SCHMUCK!

HI, GUY!

HUNK HOKUM

ALLAHU AKBAR!

ALLAHU--

JEEPERS! DID THE BELL RING?

EEK! ONLY THE TWO THAT BELONG TO ME!

INFIDEL! NOW YOU DIE!

THUMP!

THUMP!

ARE YOU OK? SHOULD I STOP THE FIGHT?

UNBELIEVER!

PSST! NOT TO WORRY. IT'S A PUT-ON!

STAND ASIDE! HE ISN'T GOING TO HURT ME!

LEAVE HIM BE, YOU BIG BULLY!

JIHAD!

M.I.T.

HARVARD

YALE

SEE. IT'S ONLY AN ACT.

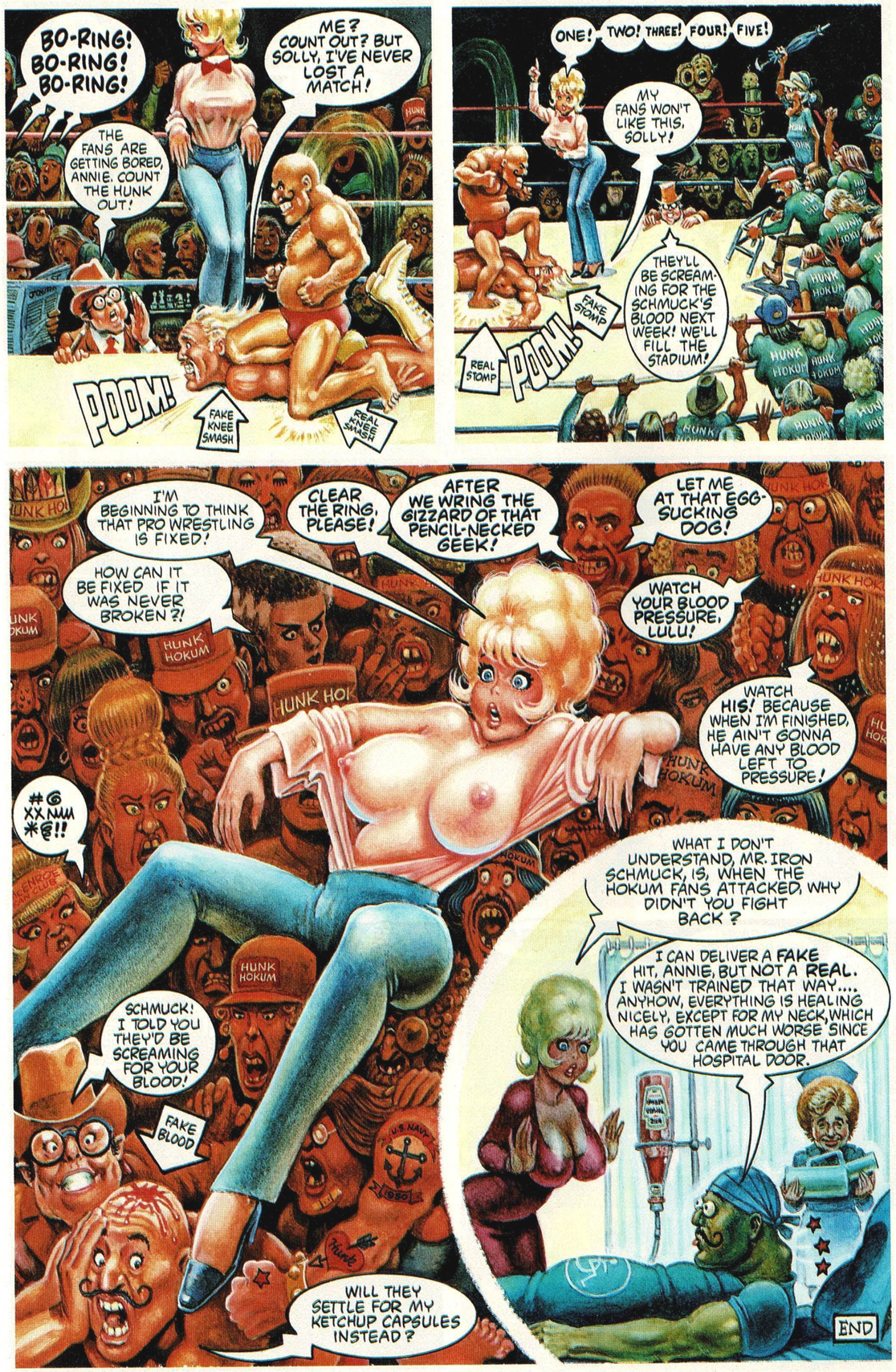
HAW! A SEX ACT!

WE'RE SPECIALLY TRAINED. WE DON'T REALLY HURT EACH OTHER.

HUMP!

IT'S ALL IN THE WAY WE HANDLE OUR WEIGHT. SO DON'T WORRY. I KNOW HOW TO LAND. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CARRY MY WEIGHT.

JEEPERS! I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT CARRYING YOUR WEIGHT... JUST CARRYING YOUR CHILD!



SUMMIT

(continued from page 48)

What does one wear to a Summit meeting? I'll bet I'm the only one wearing blue jeans and red sneakers.

Kennerly and I are treading a razor-thin line. In the news business, people lose sleep worrying about getting scooped. Consequently, among the best journalists, a camaraderie develops that precludes backstabbing. In gaining entree to the Summit, the two of us are trampling all over that camaraderie. We both have our rationales. Kennerly, a former White House photographer during the Ford administration, applied months in advance and, so far as he knows, no one else ever did. My own interest is personal. If war or peace breaks out I'd like to be in on the ground floor. Regardless, at the end of the day we'll have to leave the cosy, fire-lit warmth of the Chateau. Outside the walls, stomping around in the bitter cold, an angry gang of reporters will be waiting.

The Chateau is empty except for a few advance personnel and secret service agents. With nearly two hours to kill before the scheduled 10am kick-off, Kennerly and I wander about unhindered. Well, not exactly. Upon recently returning from a short trip to Vietnam, Kennerly discovered a particularly nasty parasite had taken up residence in his large intestine. He now requires constant rehydration. In the midst of perusing the stretch-oval table over which the two leaders will parlay, a look of sheer anxiety washes over him and he dashes upstairs seeking relief.

About 10 minutes before the appointed hour, the President's motorcade roars up the drive. Quickly — there isn't much time before Gorbachev arrives — people collect in clusters to go over last-minute details or maybe psych up. There is an understandable air of expectancy and uncertainty. Whether or not history will be made here today, this event is clearly a bigger deal than, say, the World Cup. The stakes for one thing — potential incineration of the Northern Hemisphere — are somewhat higher.

In the blue antechamber where the two summiteers will shortly suffer the attentions of various press pools, presidential advisers huddle around the President. Discussion turns to his midnight-blue overcoat. Should he wear it when stepping outside to greet Gorbachev? The Soviet leader will almost certainly be bundled up against the damp chill. Will he consider it a subtle effort at one-upmanship if his opposite number isn't similarly attired?

The leader of the free world makes a command decision. "Hell, if you're at home and somebody comes to visit, you don't put on a coat just to answer the door." The overcoat comes off. "He'll understand."

There is a whisper of tyres on gravel as a big Russian limousine pulls up to the back entrance. Gorbachev slides out and doffs his hat. The President guides him up the stairs with an amicable hand on his elbow.

Flashbulbs pop and motor drives whir as members of the international media file through the blue room. Propped up in beige upholstered armchairs, the President and General Secretary look like part of a diorama in some Disney cavalcade of nuclear history. Both men seem tense, Gorbachev more so. He smiles occasionally, but soon settles into his accustomed deadpan. No wonder. If the President fails here in Geneva, his approval rating drops. If Gorbachev blows it — is tricked, say, into allowing democratic reform in Poland — he could wind up as kibble for Siberian sled-dogs.

Pressed into a corner, feeling more and more empathy for Gorbachev's plight, I try to remain inconspicuous to the press. It's hopeless, not least because I'm wearing a bright red shirt.

What *does* one wear to a Summit meeting? The US team seems to have opted for standard, Washington-issue, sober suits. The Russians are actually a bit funkier than our guys but I'll bet I'm the only one on the premises wearing blue jeans and red Reebock sneakers.

Gorbachev is staring at me, perhaps wondering, "Who's this guy in the funny clothes?" I give him a nod and return the gaze. The General Secretary, I read somewhere, likes to intimidate with eye contact a la Lyndon Johnson. Maybe he figures to warm up on me. We stare and stare, long past the point of comfort or courtesy. His eyes are coldly critical. The problem — his problem — is that I've got nothing better to do. No one is thrusting a boom mike into my face asking, "How're you two getting along so far?" His eyes glaze and trail off toward the floor.

Kennerly is doing a crackerjack job insinuating himself into places he's less than welcome. Cameras strapped around him like bandoleros, he angles from room to room, popping up unexpectedly, working the margins of tolerance. Already, Soviet advancemen are incensed because he's upset the agreed-upon balance of reporters — two per side. The last straw is delivered when he actually follows the President and General Secretary into a second anteroom where they'll conduct their first tete-a-tete. He's muscled out by a KGB agent the size of a heavyweight wrestler.

Those who firstly believe the President is too dimwitted to resist giving away Long Island to a wily Gorbachev and/or secondly, suffer anxiety at being so long removed from what they fondly call the "process", become increasingly edgy as the leaders' private meeting, originally scheduled for 10 minutes, stretches to an hour. One hapless aide asks the Secretary of State whether someone shouldn't step in and break things up. Schultz replies that he ought to reconsider his notions of statesmanship or seek employment elsewhere.

Just over an hour since they began, the President and General Secretary emerge smiling and repair to the full plenary session — six advisers to a side, simultaneous translation. (A victory for the Americans: the Soviets preferred to slow things down by translating only after someone had finished speaking.) Another hour or so passes before they break for lunch.

The afternoon session begins more briskly than the morning's — no more photo opportunities. Along with presidential biographer Edmund Morris, I decide to remain closer to the action. Instead of whiling away the time in an upstairs holding room, we adjourn to the blue antechamber. Ears pressed to the door, we can with difficulty make out what's being said in conference.

Gorbachev launches into an extended summary of world history as viewed through the Kremlin's magic kaleidoscope. He goes on for so long I end up slumped on the floor, exhausted. As the President gears up to respond, Morris whips out a small notepad and begins to scribble. We're just about to review the Baruch Plan when a member of the Soviet delegation enters the room from outside.

"Nyet! Nyet!" he cries upon spotting Morris and his notepad. He rushes over and pulls the startled writer away from the door.

I don't move a muscle but try instead to appear coolly nonchalant, which is difficult when you're crouched down with your ear to a keyhole. The stocky Russian eyes me up and down disgustedly and mutters something under his breath. For a moment, I'm afraid he might fling open the doors and denounce me to his superiors. I can picture the headlines: PEACE TALKS COLLAPSE/ YOUNG REAGAN CAUGHT SPYING.

What started out as a fine idea — a solitary stroll to a poolhouse for a quiet chat — turns into a circus train. As Gorbachev and the President wend their way down a garden path, Secret Service and the KGB compete to see who can secure this bush, that hedgerow. Everyone else hurtles around in rough approximation of a soccer riot. The leaders settle down in the warm glow of a fire while the rest of us shiver outdoors and the day ends with word of a news blackout. Once again, there will be little of substance for journalists to report, leaving them plenty of time to find tar, feathers, and rope, and come hunting for Kennerly and me.

Returning to my hotel, I find messages

from what must be every news organisation on earth. Collectively summarised, they amount to, "You cheesy pig, how dare you employ nepotism to scoop us and, by the way, could we have an interview?"

The phone is ringing as I reach my room. A voice I barely recognise as Kennerly's quavers over the line. "Have you got your messages yet?" he chokes.

"Yes."

"We're dead men. You know that, don't you?" The poor guy is starting to gibber. "I'm sure *Newsweek* has a contract out on me!"

"Well. . ."

"Listen," Kennerly says. "We've gotta get out of the country. . . fast. I know a casino across the border in France. . . seedy joint, nobody goes there. Don't say anything to anybody. . . I'll pick you up in 15 minutes." He hangs up.

The next several hours disintegrate into a blur of high-speed driving, roulette wheels and cheap champagne. Kennerly is a wraith, haunted by death, plagued by his bowels, squandering his money on the long-shot hands of dissipated Frenchmen. Not until the wee hours do we risk crossing back into Switzerland, there to dream or confront our nightmares.

•

"US out of Nicaragua! Get out of Central America!" On his way into the Inter-Continental following a day's haggling at the Soviet Mission, George Schultz glances up at a woman shouting down from the mezzanine balcony. I look up too, just in time to see her winging a roll of toilet paper over the Secretary of State's head. The woman is carried into a back room by security agents.

I've had better days. As expected, the press is furious that I was allowed inside the Chateau. At the Soviet Mission for the President's arrival, I am heckled from the rooftops by a hard-nosed television reporter. Other journalists have resorted to sarcasm. "How're you coping with the news blackout?" they jeer. I can't blame them, really. In a strange country. Jet lag. Bad weather. No access to the big story. They feel cheated — by their editors, the White House press office, by Kennerly, by me.

Where is Kennerly? Last I heard he'd padlocked himself in his room and slid a note under the door expressing his belief that *Newsweek*, the KGB and possibly the French Mafia were after him, and detailing demands for safe passage out of Switzerland and a safe-house in Northern Vermont. Obviously, his years as a war correspondent plus that parasite have taken their toll.

Images of the day's events flicker across a bank of video monitors. Here is the President wheeling up to the Soviet Mission for the afternoon session and facing a gaggle of reporters. What does he make of presidential adviser Don Regan's suggestion, in a *Washington Post* interview, that women are not interested in the particulars of arms control? True to form, instead of admitting Regan has a few screws loose as well as a porcine perspective on feminism and womanhood, the President stands by his man, explaining, "That's not what he meant." Gorbachev, who's soaked in the whole exchange, draws a bead on the same question and knocks it out of the stadium. Soviets: 1; US: 0. Thanks, Don.

A burst of static, a flurry of video snow. There's Raisa Gorbachev throwing a lavish tea for the First Lady and wearing a prison matron's black skirt, white shirt and black necktie. What gives? Where's the Givenchy? As it turns out, these will be the only television pictures of Raisa broadcast in the USSR.

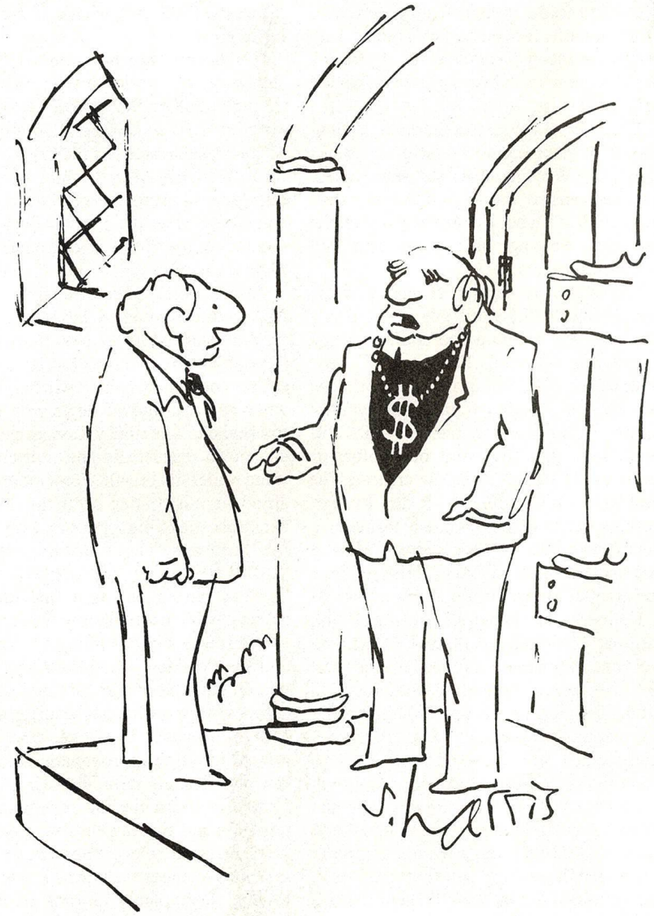
This has not been an easy assignment for any of us — an event of far-reaching consequences which defies in-depth coverage taking place in a soulless city socked in by inclement weather. Even the Alps are obscured by fog.

It is almost midnight when along with a couple of other correspondents I pile into a car and head for a restaurant whose owner has promised to hold dinner for us. There is little traffic. The rows of shops are shut tight. The entire city seems locked in an icy embrace. Only the prostitutes valiantly ply their trade. As we round a corner, one mini-skirted gamine wobbles across the street, her stiletto heels accentuating the length of her bare legs. She huddles with a friend in a doorway, sharing a cigarette.

Several bottles of wine later, we leave the restaurant. The car we've radioed for half an hour earlier is nowhere to be found, but we try the walkie-talkie again, to get only vague, garbled transmissions. In an effort to keep warm, we swing into a misbegotten dance — part ballet grotesque, part tae kwon do.

There's one day left to go. The President and General Secretary will appear together, smiling, shaking hands. They'll issue a bland joint communique, satisfactory to no one but diplomatic bureaucrats. Raisa's limousine will be seen flashing up and down the Quai, perhaps in pursuit of one last fashion bargain. But for me, the story ends there in the lamplight outside a restaurant, in the shadow of a rail-road trestle.

Only one more day to go of summiteering.



"One thing they can't accuse me of is pulling any punches with my congregation."

Fashion by Vitek

SUIT YOURSELF

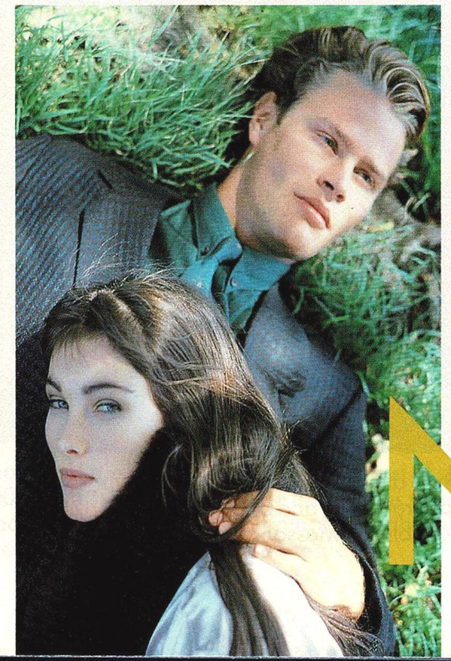
Trends may come and trends may go but a good suit is always in style.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK PAGE

On the left, a very loose, 1940s-style suit in fine English wool featuring broad "drop" shoulders ($800) by Cuggi and available at Cuggi stores in capital cities around Australia. On the right, a pure wool semi-structured suit with a bold pinstripe ($490) by Najee and available at all Najee stores.

On the left, a lightweight wool blend suit ($350) by Pierre Charbonier available from leading menswear stores around Australia. On the right, Yves Saint Laurent classical suit ($425) available from Ron Bennett stores. She wears a J.P. Gaultier dress from Massons of Sydney and Melbourne.

A full weight pure wool suit ($476) from Harry Who and available from David Jones, Sydney; Commodore Menswear of Surfers Paradise and Broadbeach, Queensland; Harry's Menswear, Canberra; Domino Menswear, Toorak, Melbourne, and Borghatto, Adelaide.



Najee Classic presents a co-ordinated study in green. This dark suit with green flecks ($399) is obtainable at all Najee stores.

Pure wool suit with a distinctly European cut features wide shoulders, minimal structuring and baggy trousers ($575) by Massons and available at Massons stores in Sydney and Melbourne.

Lapels and cut may change a little but dinner suits never go out of style. On the left, a dinner suit with satin lapels ($600) by Massons and available at Massons stores in Sydney and Melbourne. On the right, a tailored look ($700) by Pierre Cardin, obtainable from David Jones, Grace Bros and Ron Bennett stores. Sunglasses by Jonathan Sceats.

10 POINTERS FOR CHOOSING YOUR SUIT

Hollis Wayne offers some smart and savvy advice to try on for size.

YOU CAN SPEND a lot of money on a good suit and still look as if you bought it off the rack at a warehouse sale. Why? Because for a suit to look good, it has to be a perfect fit. Before you confront the man with the pins in his mouth, here are some things to keep in mind.

When you go to try on a suit, wear appropriate shoes. This is important, because heel height has a great deal to do with where your trouser leg breaks over the shoe top. If you regularly wear a sweater under your jacket, take one along. Put the items in your pockets that you normally carry — wallet, eyeglasses, .44 Magnum (just kidding, Clint). Pay attention to the critical areas: the chest (if it's very tight, the jacket should not be altered), the lapels (they should drop straight down the chest and should not buckle when the jacket is buttoned), the armholes (they should fit comfortably high in the armpits but should not actually be felt), and the length (a suit or sports jacket should not be shortened more than 2cm and it should not be lengthened at all). And always be fitted in front of a triple mirror. The impression you create going is equally important as the one you create coming.

Okay, let's step into the fitting room. Here are the 10 things to look out for:

1. The collar of your jacket should hug the back of your neck, without gaping or standing away.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL RIESER

The best way to eliminate a horizontal ridge of fabric or to ease a pull in the upper jacket back is to either lower or raise the collar of the jacket.

2. The back of your jacket should fall without creating a vertical crease in the upper back and should gently follow the curve of the lower back and break over the hips. Depending on the fabric, the jacket can be let out or taken in on the centre seam. Pads can be added to even out the shoulders.

3. Forget the antique rule of thumb that stated that "the bottom edge of your jacket should be long enough to reach the bend in your fingers when your hand is cupped at your side". That's nonsense, since the length of your arm has no relationship to the length of your jacket. Remember this: a suit jacket or a sports coat should cover your rear end completely. Short legs, obviously, call for a shorter jacket, and vice versa. Let your mirror dictate the ultimate jacket length but always cover your arse.

4. To be measured for proper sleeve length, stand with your arm naturally at your side. The point where your hand meets your wrist is the length, making sure 1cm of shirt cuff shows. Always have both sleeves measured and marked: your arms may be different lengths.

5. The waist of your jacket should correspond to your natural waistline. A 1-2cm alteration on either side is about all that can be made without changing the balance of the garment.

6. The vent or vents on your jacket shouldn't pull when you're standing straight. Also your upper arm shouldn't bulge beyond the jacket's shoulder line. If it does, don't try to alter it; try the next size up.

7. Your trousers should fit at the waist, not at the hips. Most manufacturers leave about 4cm of fabric in the waistband to let out. If you are having the waist taken in, ask for the waistband to be chalked and pinned so you can check for tightness. Also make sure the pockets don't gape or pull and, with pleated trousers, that the pleats are not spread apart when you're standing straight.

8. Your trouser seat can be easily altered to make it fuller or tighter, but keep in mind that this alteration will also raise or lower the trousers' crotch a bit.

9. Trouser bottoms should cover three quarters of your shoes. Your socks should never be visible when you're standing up.

10. Trouser bottoms should break at the instep of your shoes. Cuffed bottoms should be hemmed perfectly straight (cuffs should be 4cm wide). Uncuffed ones should be about 1cm longer in the back.

And that just about sews up the subject!

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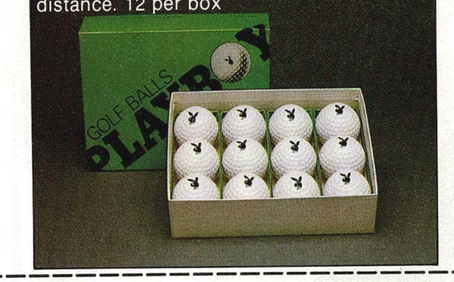

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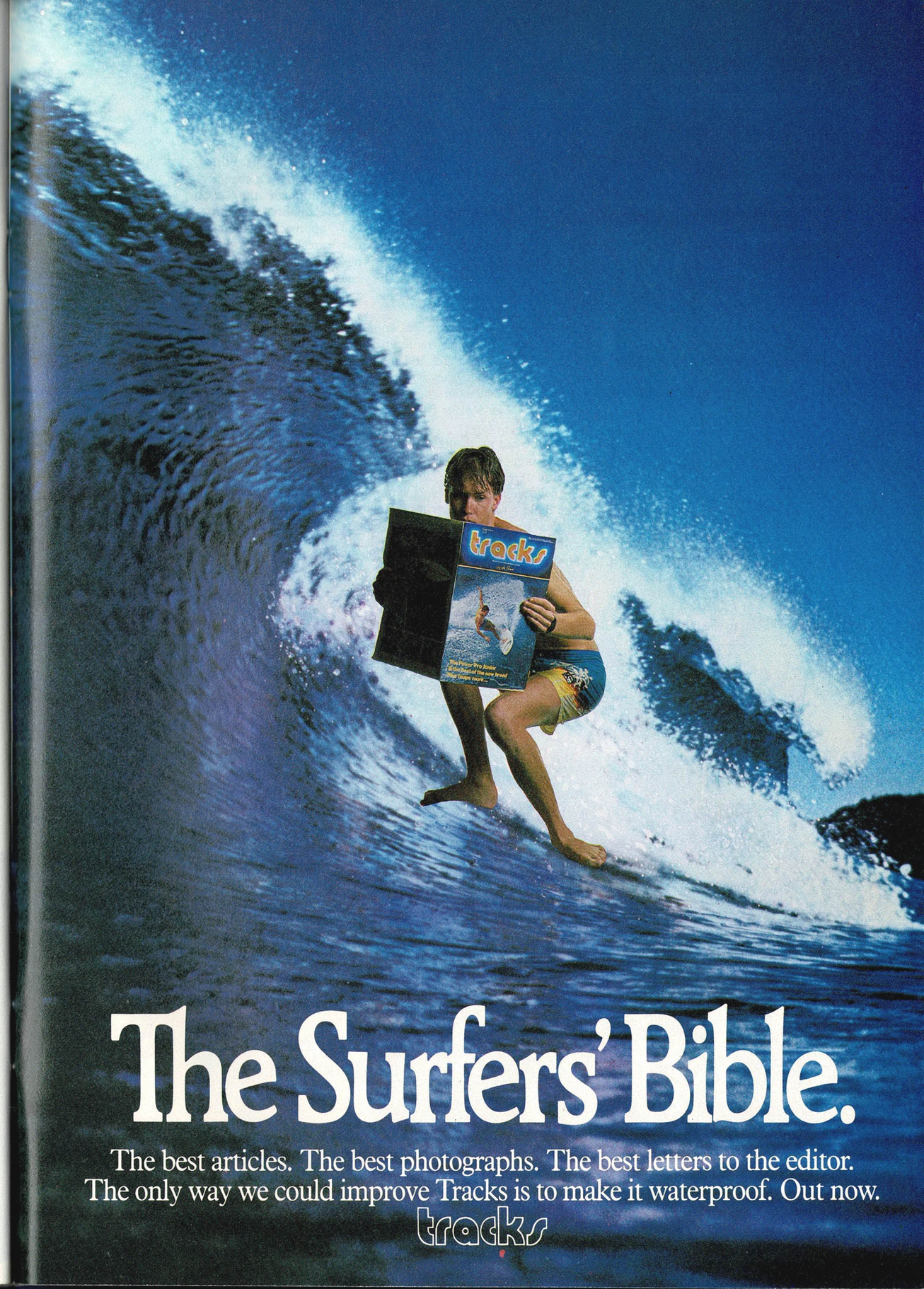


$20 A LAY

(continued from page 52)

The only way a Cantonese girl will have an orgasm is if a $100 note is pinned to the pillow.

didn't speak much English, but usually they were very friendly, if not always ladylike.

In that period, when mesh stockings were in vogue, I once snagged a little darling's tights by accident and she said, "Fuck you, you no good, you break my sock." Nowadays that would be considered a pleasant encounter.

The rot set in during the Vietnam war when thousands of R and R Yanks came and spent money like maniacs. The only way the girls could cope with the trading potential this caused was to use KY jelly by the bucket.

The easy money attracted a totally different kind of hooker. One journo mate of mine first noticed the place was getting sordid when a bar girl used his false teeth as an ashtray during the night.

The bar scene has been going downhill ever since. But do not give up hope. There are alternatives. If you are in Hong Kong and your thoughts turn to the other sex, then forget, for a moment, the local indigene. It has been said the only way a Cantonese girl will have an orgasm is if a $100 note is pinned to the pillow for her to concentrate on. That is a vile and base slander, but it is sadly based on the truth.

There is one Old Hong Kong hand who still goes down to Wanchai every Thursday and pulls a bar girl for, he tells me, medicinal purposes. In the past 10 years they have, according to him, all been "dud bashes".

So, for the moment, forget the Cantonese. Instead, concentrate on the Filipinas who are there in their thousands and are always romantically inclined. They can be found in glorious abundance in three bars in Wanchai — The Makati Inn, Crossroads and The Pink Pussycat.

They are not professionals. They are in Hong Kong on two-year contracts as domestic servants, even though some of them have university degrees. Job prospects in the Philippines being what they are, they are glad of the employment. They are definitely not hookers, just young ladies enjoying a night out.

Your chances of success with the little darlings are high but will be infinitely higher if you indulge in low duplicity. Do not admit to being a tourist. Say you have arrived in Hong Kong to work for the branch office of a company of which you have some basic knowledge. If you work in a bank say you've come to work for the local branch of Westpac. Use your creative imagination.

It is not that Filipinas will only indulge if they have a chance of snaring a husband. Although they are nearly all Roman Catholics, they have a warm and loving approach to the opposite sex, which is a great blessing. But they are much more likely to become romantically inclined if they think you may be a semi-permanent prospect.

No one in the world can fall in love quicker than a Filipina and very few ladies of any nationality can compete with them in the sexual Olympics. If such duplicity offends your moral code, then you have my sympathy. Because in Asia nothing is what it seems and the morality which works well in Australia becomes totally irrelevant to the Asian way of thinking.

Until you have heard a Filipina explain why she is an hour late for a date (they are always an hour late for a date), you will not have realised that telling white lies can be an art form.

Once you have met and enjoyed the companionship of a Filipina in Hong Kong, it may well be that you will want to go to the source of the real thing.

Manila is not, in itself, a beautiful city. But the women make the angels weep with

PLOT
AUSTRALIA

envy at their exquisite beauty.

When I first went there it was in the early '50s, and what is now Roxas Boulevard was called Dewey, everyone packed a gun and the nightclubs were some of the greatest in Asia.

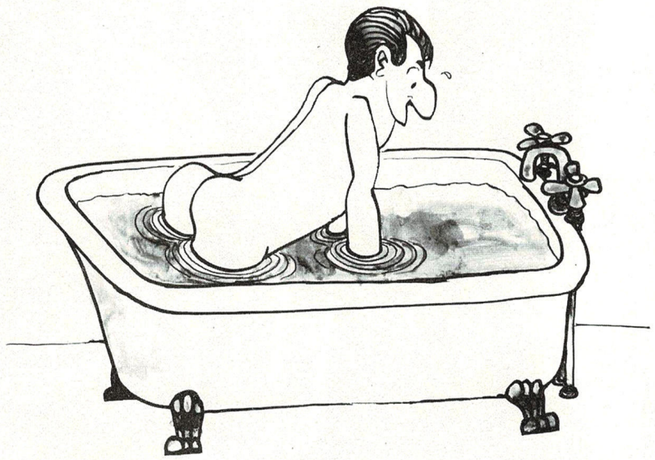
My first night in Manila I was taken to The Fishers (which still exists) where the waitresses were perfectly and formally dressed in front, and wore absolutely nothing behind. I later read the scene described by Ian Fleming in a James Bond novel, but he set it somewhere in France.

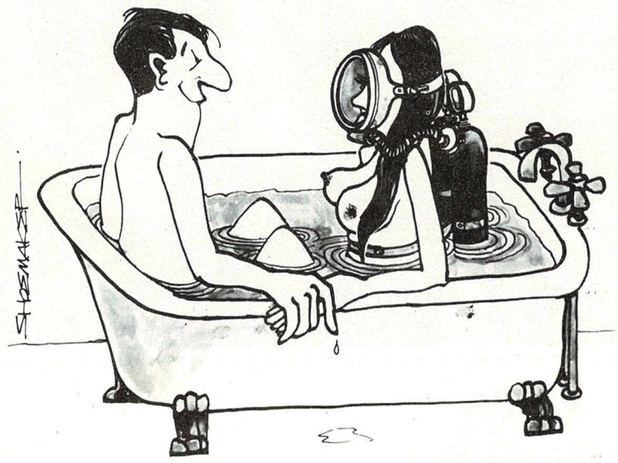
In those days at The Fishers, you were issued with a rod and line and you would hook the number off the front of the young lady who most attracted your attention. As I was in shock I had to be helped to hold the rod steady.

Nowadays, the action has moved to different areas of town and the girls in The Fishers are no longer so provocatively dressed. But the action can still be wild and woolly. In Mabini there is a street renowned throughout Asia called Avenue MH del Pilar. Accept my word that it is the legitimate centre for The Philippines antique trade. And that it has one of the oldest Christian churches in Asia. And also accept my word that it is packed with little darlings who are willing to fall deeply and totally in love with you for a mere pittance.

If, when you arrive, you are in need of immediate and more earthy relief there is a set of bars in the centre of del Pilar which starts at The China Coast, goes on through The Eagle's Nest, and ends with Josie's Bar. These bars are collectively known as the Turkey Farm and instantaneous oral relief is available for a few hundred pesos.

If you find this sordid beyond belief, remember that The Philippines is a Roman Catholic country and the only contraception theoretically allowed is the rhythm method. (What do you call a girl who uses the rhythm method of contraception? Mother.) The result is that the Pill is not freely available and the most popular form of contraception is coitus interruptus followed by oral sex. (But not always. A young lady from The Red Rooster, a bar well frequented by aficionados, explained to me in dulcet tones, "My mouth is only for putting food in." She was an exception to the rule but she was worth it.)





The big problem for all male visitors to The Philippines is that they fall head over heels in love. Filipinas are not, on the surface, into feminism and they treat men the way men think they should be treated. Once married, the scene changes totally, but in the early days of a romance you will be treated as if you are a cross between Robert Redford and Chevy Chase. And you will enjoy more sex than you would believe possible, no matter what your age.

A few years ago, I was in Manila with an Australian friend, who is as keen as I am on both the cooling amber fluid and the other. In a bar we met this absolute stunner called Myra Bo.

I kid thee not when I say she was the most sexual person I have ever encountered. Even when asleep she throbbed like a Johnson outboard motor on tickover. A quick nudge and she was all over you like a rash. I am well past the age where I can perform marathon feats in the sexual stakes but, by damn, Myra did her best to make me young again. After the third night I very slowly made my way into a bar in the late afternoon to meet my friend and hoist a few draught San Miguels, the local brew.

He took one look at my broken body and said, "You've been with Myra Bo for three nights now. The time, my son, has come to rack your cue."

He was right, of course. It is probably totally untrue to say that too much sex can kill you, but Myra Bo might be the exception. I moved on to other places, other women, and eventually regained my bodily health. Nice to have mates like that.

If you have time in The Philippines, try to get up to Angeles City which is, beyond doubt, the greatest little whorehouse in the world. It is there purely to service, if you will excuse the expression, the American servicemen on the Clark Field base. It is an amazing and ugly town dedicated purely to drinking and the other.

As you enter on the main road from Manila, the first bar you come to is The Fire Empire, which has scenes of such debauchery that even I hesitate to go there unless I have had a skinful. (Next door was a bar called The Golden Gobble, but it had to change its name after protests from the wives of American servicemen. It is now called The Whippet Inn.)

In The Fire Empire young ladies will offer you sundry oral delights in small back rooms and will, quite unhesitatingly, give you a taste of what is to come once you have paid over your bikkies while you are still standing at the bar enjoying your beer. They keep coming up to you and asking whether you would like a sample.

Since the day I first discovered The Fire Empire I have never been able to keep a straight face when a salesperson in Australia offers me a free sample.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

THE RICHTERS SCALE

As Christine Richters sees it, it's singles bars 0, marriage 10.

Gorgeous Christine Richters is looking for a stable relationship. Something like marriage will do. Now, before you start deluging us with applications, it should be pointed out that Christine is looking for a very special man. "Most men are the same," she laments. "I know what all those blokes are like at nightclubs. I don't want to have to go to bed with all those guys, and that's what they expect. That's just the way men are. So I'm afraid to get into those situations. They make me nervous. I don't even want to deal with that singles scene. I'd just rather get married and not have to worry about anything!"

Christine loves animals and nurtures a secret desire to work in a wild animal park. "This may sound silly," she laughs, "but I want to buy my own baby tiger." To protect her from all those predatory males? "No, no," she protests. "Actually I've just got a new Persian kitten!" As for other pursuits, Christine says she watches a lot of TV, sees heaps of movies at the cinema and occasionally goes horse-riding in the mountains near her home. Filling in time? Maybe.

But Christine is holding out for that special man to come along. "Sometimes I wish I was like Alexis in Dynasty," she says. "Now there's a woman who, one way or another, always gets what she wants!"

SUNDAY MORNING COMING DOWN

From San Francisco to Sydney, Hong Kong to Hamilton Island, here's how some of the world's best bloody marys are made.

Drinks by EMANUEL GREENBERG

IF A BAND of extraterrestrials opted to invade our hunk of planet Earth, they'd do well to schedule the attack for a Sunday at high noon, the traditional coming-down time. That's when it seems the entire country, at least the adult population, is engrossed in the weekly bloody-mary ritual — preparing and serving the sanguine sip.

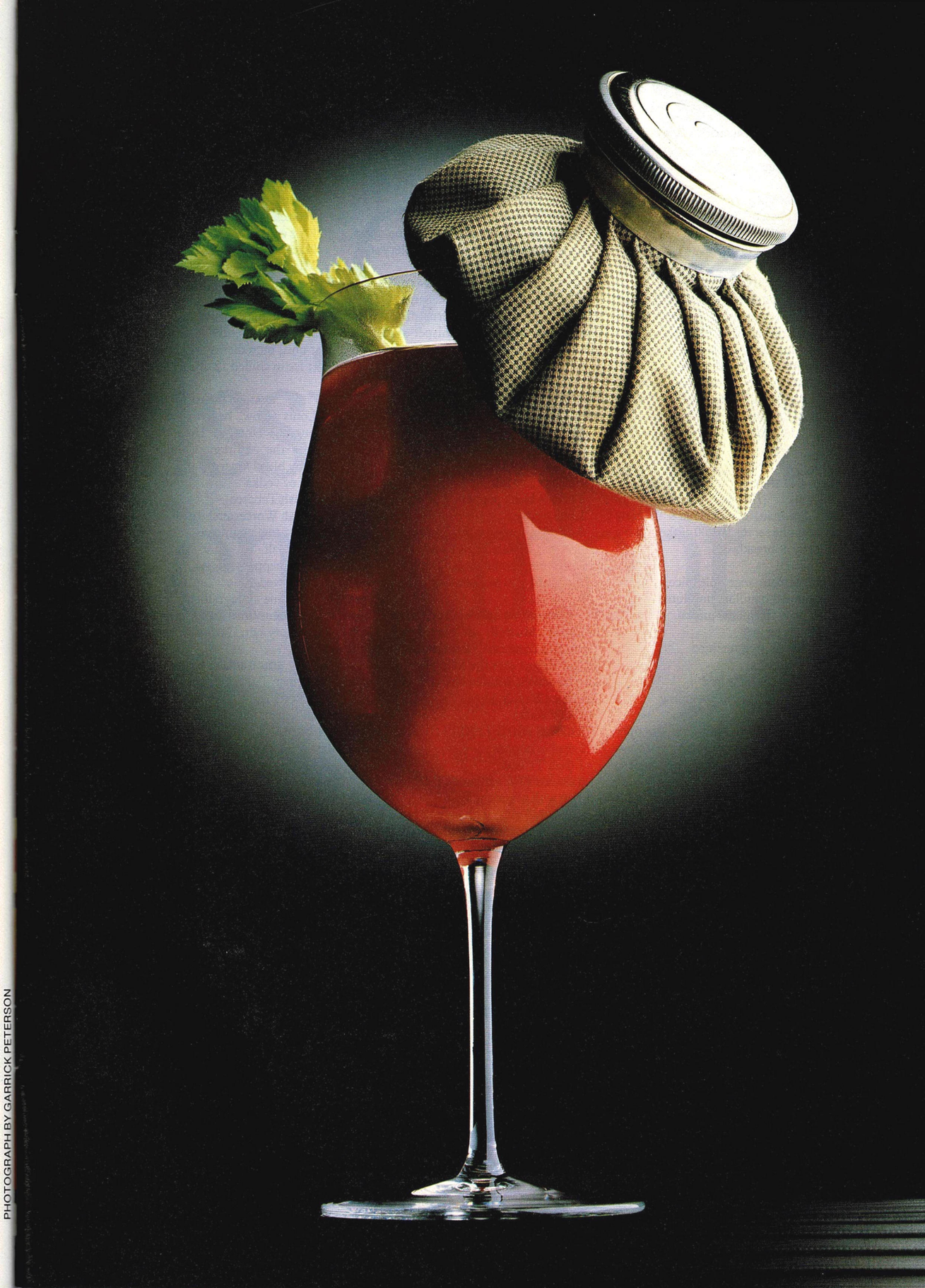
There are many coming-down drinks, but the bloody mary is the only one *designed* for that purpose. It was conceived at Harry's New York Bar in Paris during the Roaring '20s as succor for the morning trade; it was taken to the States in 1934 by Pete Petiot, the gent who first compounded the drink at Harry's; it languished, all but unnoticed, until Smirnoff got behind it in 1955; it then zoomed to popularity, hitting the top 10 on the cocktail charts, where it has remained ever since.

Bartenders become emotional about the bloody mary, almost coming to blows over such esoterica as the merits of lime or lemon, whether or not to garnish and whether or not it is still a bloody mary if you substitute gin, tequila or rum for the vodka. A more basic bone of contention is whether to shake, stir or stick it in the blender. The objective, in each case, is to whip up a smooth, full-flavored potion. Stirred drinks sometimes separate, and those mixed in a blender may become watered down or turn into slush. The consensus is clearly for shaking; but even so, there are marked differences in handling among the pros. One Sydney barman we questioned admitted he gives the shaker eight hefty hoists "over the shoulder". That approach made a Brisbane barman wince. "Just shake it once, that's enough," he told us.

Not everyone's that heavily into shaking. Yet another barman we spoke to believes that the difference between a wimpy drink and a ruddy bracer is in the juice and vodka. He prescribes "thick, icy-cold tomato juice," the best there is, because juice is two-thirds of the drink. And he insists on a clean, neutral vodka.

Bar-room pundits agree that the citrus, lemon or lime, should be the real stuff —not bottled — and freshly squeezed. It's best to start each round from scratch, but if that's impractical — say when you're hosting a monster coming-down brunch — it's okay to make the mixture in advance. Just hold the citrus and add a squeeze of lemon or lime to each glass before serving.

If you credit everything you hear, bloody mary has alleviated more human grief than Florence Nightingale. But it's silly to reserve the quaff just for the Sunday-morning coming down. Enjoy it any time — any way



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARRICK PETERSON

you like it. Following are some of the more intriguing variations on the bloody mary theme.

HARRY'S ORIGINAL BLOODY MARY

From Harry's New York Bar, Paris, where it all began.

1 dash salt
2 grinds black pepper
2 dashes Tabasco
1 dash Worcestershire
Juice of ¼ lemon (about ½ oz)
2 oz vodka
4 oz thick tomato juice, chilled

Add first 5 ingredients to chilled 10 oz glass. Muddle to combine. Toss several ice cubes (not cracked ice) into glass. Add vodka; stir quickly. Add tomato juice; stir again to combine well, and serve.

Note: Harry's New York Bar, Munich, serves a slightly different bloody mary, substituting 2 dashes cayenne and ¼ teaspoon dehydrated horseradish for Tabasco.

BRENNAN'S SPICY CREOLE BLOODY MARY

(For two)

Owen Brennan, of Brennan's in New Orleans, says he serves 10,000 of these *every week*, mostly at breakfast.

3 oz vodka
1½ cups tomato-vegetable juice
2½ oz canned bouillon, undiluted
1 tablespoon fresh lime juice
2 teaspoons pepper
2 teaspoons Worcestershire
2 dashes Tabasco
¼ teaspoon salt, if desired
Lawry's lemon pepper seasoning
Celery stick

Shake all ingredients but lemon pepper and celery stick in shaker with ice cubes, just long enough to chill. Strain over fresh ice in 2 12 oz glasses. Sprinkle lemon pepper lightly over both drinks. Celery stick optional.

HILTON'S BLOODY MARY

Peter Vogler of the Hilton International Hotel in Sydney says his bloody mary concoction must be shaken, not just stirred. Vogler presides over the Champagne Bar of the hotel's San Francisco Grill.

1 oz vodka
5 oz tomato juice
1 dash salt
1 dash pepper
1 dash Tabasco
1 dash Worcestershire

Shake all ingredients into wine glass. Garnish with lemon wedge and celery stick.

FRISCO-STYLE BLOODY MARY

The Washington Square Bar & Grill in San Francisco uses three forms of heat in its bloody mary, but just a whisper of each, so the drink is balanced but not a burner.

1½ oz vodka
3 oz thick tomato juice, chilled
1 oz beef bouillon
¼ oz lemon juice
⅛ oz Worcestershire
Tabasco, to taste
Pinch cayenne
Pinch celery salt
2 grinds black pepper
Lime wedge

Add all ingredients but lime to shaker full of ice and agitate vigorously. Strain into chilled wine glass or goblet. Squeeze in juice of lime; add peel to glass. Stir once.

HAMILTON ISLAND BLOODY MARY

David Murrell of the James Cook Cocktail Lounge at Queensland's Hamilton Island Resort says the following recipe can also be served without the vodka, in which case it's a Bloody Shame.

1½ oz vodka
3 dashes salt
3 dashes pepper
1 dash Tabasco
3 dashes Worcestershire
Top with tomato juice

Take a tall glass with ice and build up the drink using ingredients in the above order. The bloody mary is stirred during its construction, not shaken. Garnish with a stick of celery and a slice of lemon.

21 CLUB SUPERMARY

Bartender Bru Mysak of New York's famous 21 Club will mix your drink any way you want it. Here's a special bloody mary he once whipped up for Clark Gable.

1½ oz vodka
2½ oz thick tomato juice (chilled)
½ oz clam juice
½ oz consomme
¼ teaspoon prepared horseradish
3 dashes Hungarian paprika
3 or 4 grinds black pepper
3 dashes celery salt

Add all ingredients to shaker with ice cubes. Shake gently, with rocking action, just until ingredients are combined. Strain over ice in chilled 12 oz collins glass.

SHANGRI-LA BLOODY MARY

Louis Chow, beverage manager of the Shangri-la Hotel in Hong Kong, recommends the addition of celery salt for a healthy bloody mary.

1¼ oz vodka
1 dash Tabasco
1 dash Worcestershire
7½ oz tomato juice
Dash salt
Dash pepper
Lime wedge

Combine all ingredients leaving squeeze of fresh lime until last. Stir and dust lightly with celery salt. Garnish with celery stick.

SOUTH PACIFIC BLOODY MARY

Barman Tukai Opetaia of The Regent Of Fiji hotel just outside Nadi prepares a bloody mary with a refreshing South Pacific twist.

1¼ oz vodka
3 oz thick tomato juice
2 dashes Worcestershire
1 dash Tabasco
1 dash soya sauce
1 pinch pepper

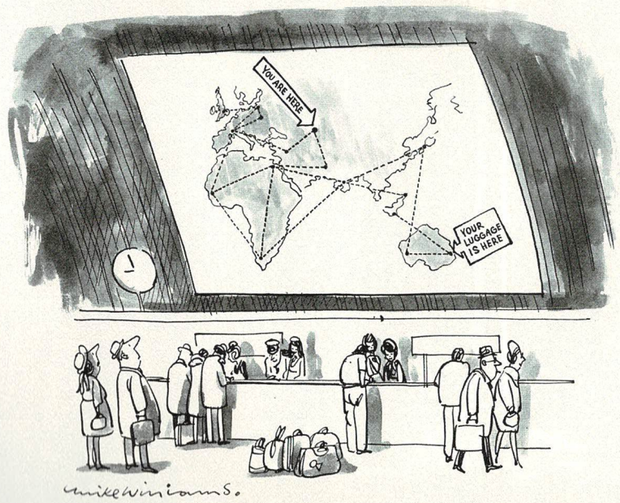
Rim an old-fashioned glass with lime juice and salt. Stir ingredients well, add ice to just below salt rim and stir again. Garnish with a celery stick.

BLOODY MARY CASUARINA

Khoo Eng Hai, bar captain at the Casuarina Beach Hotel at Batu Ferringhi on the Malaysian holiday island of Penang, suggests the following variation on the bloody mary theme.

1¾ oz vodka
3 oz tomato puree
Dash Tabasco
½ teaspoon Worcestershire
Sprinkle of pepper and salt

Pour vodka over ice. Add Tabasco, pepper and salt and Worcestershire. Pour in tomato puree then stir until all ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Garnish with piece of fresh lime.



CROCODILE!

(continued from page 36)

Fishermen warned repeatedly that the crocodile population had increased dramatically.

there isn't one in Daintree — the general store sells stubbies, which you can drink out the back with the locals, if you're game, in a rough and ready beer garden. As long as you keep your mouth shut, you should be all right.

A group of half a dozen men in work clothes looked up as I walked around the corner at the back of the store, beer in hand. They were talking crocodiles, like just about everybody else in north Queensland. "We'll bide our time," said one, ignoring me. "We'll wait 'til the cooler months, when they're out sunning on the banks, and then we'll get 'em."

I was advised by more than one person to approach David Martin with caution. It sounded like good advice. Martin is a born-and-bred Daintree bushie, a thick-set loner who is used to doing things his own way. People say that he'd changed since he met Beryl Wruck about three years earlier, that he'd mellowed, smiled a lot more. Beryl, on the mend from a broken marriage, was looking for company. She had two grown daughters with families of their own, and a young son who depended on her. When she moved in with Martin, she helped him run the store. Business picked up after that. Beryl Wruck was a fun lady and everybody liked her. Especially David Martin.

Martin shook my hand without warmth as I introduced myself. It was 17 days after Beryl had died. Martin looked haggard, still in shock. Unshaven and tight-lipped, he told me only what I already knew, that he was at the barbecue, sitting on the Turners' verandah, when the alarm was raised. The numerous press statements didn't come from him, he said, and he had nothing more to say to anybody. "Southerners aren't very popular around here. They come up here and try to tell us how to run things — when we're ready in this town, we'll talk about it." The message was clear. I thanked him, and left him to his own thoughts.

John Robb wasn't talking either. I waited at the Daintree wharf until the last tourist had filed off his safari boat *Kingfisher*. He asked which magazine I represented. I showed him my card. "PLAYBOY? Well, you've lost me for a start," he said. He told me plainly that Beryl Wruck's death was no business of Australian PLAYBOY's, or of anybody else's outside the town. He also accused me of exploiting the tragedy.

Robb spoke to me several weeks later concerning reports that he had made the suggestion to go down to Barratt Creek on the night of the party. He denied he made the suggestion, that it would have been out of character for him to have done so.

Daintree was no great place for reporters. One business lady, who told me crocodiles are only good for turning into leather, reckoned another night in the town would make me very unpopular. But the desire to impart information is a basic human trait. Sooner or later, people like to unload. Don't use my name, they will say, but this is what happened. . .

•

Daintree has been a divided town ever since the potential for tourism attracted enterprising newcomers. Michael and Jackie Turner established the first river cruise operation, The Crocodile Express. Later, they sold out to develop a new concept in tourism, the Butterfly Farm. Others arrived, bringing money and ideas, and with them an increasing number of day-tripping tourists. All very enterprising and interesting, but to many Daintree stalwarts the newcomers represented an intrusion on their way of life. After all, up until about 10 years ago, a stranger was a rarity in Daintree. However, before Beryl Wruck's death, the two factions managed to exist together under a shaky white flag of truce.

Crocodiles in the Daintree River had been a contentious issue simmering between locals and tourist operators for some time. Fishermen had warned repeatedly that the crocodile population had increased dramatically since legal shooting stopped in the early '70s. This was hotly denied by the tourist operators, conservationists, and some independent observers. Estimates ranged from no more than 10 large adult crocodiles, to well over 100. Claims of a "population explosion" were becoming commonplace, together with demands for a culling program to be implemented.

Andrew Lloyd, who, with his mother Billie, now owns and operates The Crocodile Express, conducts twice-daily tours of the river. The most crocodiles he has observed on a single trip were eight, including all sizes down to the very young. "And that was in winter, when the crocodiles were out on the banks and highly visible," he explained. Walter Starke, an American marine biologist who has lived on the river in his research vessel since 1979, estimated an average of 10-12 crocodiles would be visible on a 12 km stretch of river on a winter's morning. Like Lloyd, he stressed that the estimate included all sizes. "There *has* been an increase in numbers since I came here," said Starke, "but I wouldn't call it a population explosion. More like a stable increase toward a maximum river population."

The truth is the number of crocodiles in any single area in northern Australia is an unknown factor. The state Labor member for Cairns, Keith De Lacy, in an April 1984 speech in the Queensland Parliament, had this to say, during a debate on the Fauna Conservation Act Amendment Bill: "A worrying feature is that no one knows the distribution and population numbers of crocodiles; nor does anyone know whether the numbers are increasing or decreasing."

It has often been claimed that the crocodiles were being fed from tourist cruise vessels in Daintree. Nothing wrong with that, said the locals, but some day there's going to be trouble. Certain crocodiles were being treated as pets, earning themselves nicknames, such as Old Faithful, Chad Morgan, and Big Jim, and a five-footer, Yo-Yo, was a regular visitor to the down-river vehicle ferry crossing. The crocs were getting far too familiar with human habits and behavior. In the old days, shooting kept the "cheeky" crocs down, and the remainder gave humans a wide berth. Now they did everything but get in the boat.

Not only were crocodiles being hand-fed on the Daintree, but persistent reports support local rumors that the same thing had been happening around the Barratt Creek jetty. It is there that tourist connections are made between river cruise vessels and the Butterfly Farm. Chilling stuff, even before the night of December 21.

•

Public controversy raged over the question: was Beryl Wruck in fact the

The jetty on Daintree's Barratt Creek where Beryl Wruck disappeared.

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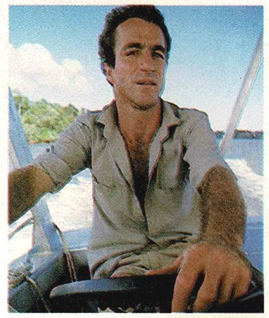
A sign warns of the dangers lurking in the Daintree River.

Martin's General Store in Daintree.



Andrew Lloyd of The Crocodile Express.

victim of a crocodile attack at all? Maurice Mealing's evidence was not reported in the press. Only one person was said to have seen "what could have been part of a crocodile". That person was not named. Neither Maurice nor Sarina Mealing's names were ever published — they remained anonymous throughout the drama. John Robb gave his version of the events, and stuck to his story — he didn't see a crocodile.

Theories, counter-theories and opinions buried everyday conversation in hotel bars and living rooms, and sprang from the pages of newspapers all over Australia. One persistent question was, if a crocodile was indeed responsible for Beryl Wruck's disappearance, why hadn't it employed the famous "death roll" to drown its victim, as crocodiles are supposed to do with large prey?

Louie Konsic, a tough, ex-professional shooter, knows as much about crocodile behavior as anybody else. He pointed out that the so-called death roll can occur *under* water, or may not be necessary at all — that the crocodile can snatch its victim and keep going in one deadly pass. "I've seen crocs carrying 50kg pigs, alive and squealing, through mangrove swamps, and I've seen them drag large bullocks off river banks," he said. Konsic stressed that crocodiles are opportunist feeders, and unpredictable.

Another theory was that a whaler shark, known locally as a "bull" shark, could have taken Wruck. Whalers, feared world-wide as man-eaters, have been sighted in the Daintree, presumably to feed and, so popular knowledge goes, to rid their bodies of parasites. Richard Ralph scoffs at the suggestion. The attack took place at nearly low tide, and a shark big enough to take a human whole will only move upriver on a high tide, he pointed out. As the tide recedes, the shark will move with it out to sea.

Ralph also had a few things to say on the suddenness and silence of Wruck's death. "Very few people have any idea how powerful a crocodile's jaws are," he said. "You can hold their jaws together with a shoelace — they have very little strength to open up — but on the down-bite it's like two trucks coming together. If that croc took Beryl around the middle and shattered her spine, all the guts would have been driven up into her lungs, and all air would have been expelled in an instant. There would be no breath left to make a single sound."

There was also a hint of foul play. It was rumored that Beryl Wruck was a prosecution witness in an upcoming murder trial, concerning the November shotgunning of suspected drug dealer Frederick Cox, at Upper Daintree. Sergeant Kevin Turner of Mossman Police, who co-ordinated the search for Wruck's body, denied any possible link. "Mrs Wruck was *not* in fact a witness in that case," he said. "But her son is, and only in an incidental, very minor way — most certainly not to the shooting itself," he added.

Sergeant Turner has no doubts about Beryl Wruck's death. He has the policeman's trump card. Two of them in fact. Witnesses Maurice and Sarina Mealing. Although Turner chides the press for promoting mystery and drama into a straightforward case, he concedes a point: "Yes, it is a strange tale, it is."

But why would four rational people, all of whom lived in the area, go swimming on a dark, sultry night in known crocodile waters? Especially, as Richard Ralph points out: "The crocs are cranky at this time of year. It's hot, and they've used up a lot of energy during mating, they're hungry, and on the move. You couldn't pick a worse time to go swimming." Accurate information, and a logical comment. Nobody swims in or near crocodile territory, especially not locals.

Wrong. It's common knowledge in Daintree that swimming from the Barratt Creek jetty often took place. Michael Turner admitted to the press that he and Jackie swam there. Not only that, he said, but they sometimes saw crocodiles near the jetty, "but not big ones". *Not big ones?* Local legend suggests that fair-sized crocodiles have been sighted around the banks of the jetty, and even up higher on the Turners' *lawn*! Two people, husband and wife, told me they had been swimming off the jetty the same day as the tragedy, and that it wasn't unusual for others to do likewise.

"I'll never know why we did it — I can't explain it," said the woman.

Maurice Mealing says he and Sarina never knew about the swimming, nor the feeding of crocodiles at the jetty. "But it was a bloody stupid thing to do," he said.

On the other hand, Alec Lyall, an Aboriginal resident of Daintree who has lived in the area all his life, told me: "I wouldn't swim in that river for anything. I was a shooter up on the Peninsula, and I know a bit about crocodiles, enough to leave them alone. That river's got me scared, and it takes a good whip to frighten me."

How great a part did alcohol play in the tragedy? After all, the barbecue had been in progress since 8pm, and Daintree folk are not renowned as teetotallers. Maurice Mealing: "We'd had two or three stubbies each, I suppose. Nowhere near drunk — I can drink a dozen stubbies, no worries, and still know what I'm doing." Sergeant Turner: "When I arrived, none were in a state of intoxication. I was told they had all taken liquor, but were just in a party mood. Of course, shock would be a sobering factor, but in my opinion they were in control of their mental and physical faculties. Those people acted completely out of character, and made an unwise decision."

•

Crocodiles have been around for a long time. They are living fossils — unchanged survivors from beyond the Cretaceous Age 200 million years ago, when their mammoth cousins, the dinosaurs, disappeared from the face of the earth. Suddenly, in the middle of the 20th century, crocodiles faced that problem themselves — at the hands of man. Ladies and gents of high fashion took a fancy to handbags, shoes and wallets made from crocodile skins, so a new breed of hunter evolved to meet that demand. By the

late '60s, the crocodile population in Australia was not only an endangered species, it was close to extinction. The ancient reptile's chances of survival had been whittled away in a few years to almost zero. In 1972, as a result of national and international concern, shooting was banned in the Northern Territory, and then, in 1974, outlawed completely in Australia.

Statistics on crocodile attacks in Australia are non-existent, and details of actual fatalities are sketchy and ill-informed, some of them bordering on the realm of fantasy and folklore. In the years since legal shooting ceased, there have been only five confirmed deaths in Australia: one in Western Australia, one in NT, and three in Queensland, including Beryl Wruck. Other reports are vague, and impossible to confirm. One, an Aboriginal woman, is said to have been taken while washing clothes in a north Queensland river. Aborigines play a large role in crocodile mythology, and several children are said to have vanished over a period of years but, due to their non-white status, little effort was made to locate them. A much-celebrated crocodile attack occurred in February 1985, in the Northern Territory's Kakadu National Park, when philosophy lecturer Val Plumwood survived a vicious encounter with a 4 metre crocodile as she paddled a canoe through a paper-bark swamp. The crocodile attacked her three times, and each time Plummer was able to fight free, eventually managing to escape from it alive.

•

In the aftermath of Beryl Wruck's death, the gulf between tourist operators and long-time local residents widened. As the two factions drew further apart, open hostility became rife in the town. Anonymous, threatening phone calls were made in the night, people refused to speak to each other, and a brawl broke out in the beer garden of Martin's General Store. A siege mentality engulfed the town, but although fear and mistrust prevailed, business in Daintree boomed. Tourists flocked into the town, river cruise boats were packed to capacity, and David Martin's store became the subject of a thousand photographs. A Sydney couple on a sightseeing trip narrowly escaped death when their rented Mini-Moke plunged off a bridge into Barratt Creek. But beneath the flow of dollars, the current of tension intensified.

On Thursday, January 16, a 1500-word letter by David Martin was published in the *Cairns Post*. Entitled: A Few Thoughts From A Citizen Of Daintree, the letter stated its purpose was to "clarify some of the hysterical information which has been bandied about lately". In the text, Martin accused tourist operators, and the "conservationists they manipulate" of feeding and protecting the crocodile which killed Beryl Wruck, and of disrupting the search by patrolling the river and "frightening every croc they saw, making it impossible for the guilty croc to be shot". Summing up his letter, Martin wrote: "Can you justify yourselves? How will you live with yourselves when the next person is killed? You already have blood on your hands. You are as bad as the croc we are hunting. . ."

The day before that letter appeared, David Martin and Richard Ralph caught a 5 metre crocodile on a baited line, two kilometres upstream from Barratt Creek junction. Inside the crocodile's stomach were what appeared to be human remains: forearm bones, and finger or toe nails. The next day the Brisbane press quoted Health Minister Brian Austin as saying that tests revealed that the bones were consistent with that of being from a female body. Several weeks later, a Health Department spokesperson stated that the bones were those of a white female, but "it was impossible to prove if they belonged to Mrs Wruck".

"I don't doubt that those bones belonged to Beryl," said Richard Ralph. "But I think there is another croc around, maybe a 6 metre one, which either killed her, or shared her remains." Ralph reconstructed a grim scenario of the attack. "The croc could have taken her at top speed, possibly 10-15 knots, and shot downstream to a 10 metre hole near the junction. In deep water, with plenty of room, he would have dismembered her with a kind of whipcracking motion. Crocodiles can't swallow an adult human whole, and they're small feeders anyway, so they have to break up the carcass. Other crocs would recognise the splashing, and come in to scavenge. I'm certain the croc responsible has taken somebody before."

Beryl Wruck's death created an immediate furore in Queensland politics. Martin Tenni, the Cairns-based Minister for the Environment, had been vocal for a number of years on the need to "shoot out" crocodiles in north Queensland, but had recently softened his stance, under pressure from conservationist groups and the tourism lobby. Now Tenni claimed his original stand had been vindicated and called for the immediate removal of "all known crocodiles" from his Barron River electorate, which includes the Daintree River region. He further announced his intention to propose in State Parliament that private contractors be allowed to tender for the right to remove crocodiles from the environment and set up breeding farms for a future skin and meat industry.

That was good news for Harry Freeman, an old mate of Martin's, and owner of Wild World Australia, an animal and reptile park just north of Cairns. Freeman has had his eye on a crocodile breeding venture for some time, and has been promoting Wild World as the perfect solution to the problem of dangerous crocodiles in the wild. Tenni denies there will be any favoritism as his critics had suggested.

Tenni is an outspoken, loved or hated politician. His office window has been shotgunned, heavily graffiti'd, and stoned

"I can explain the lipstick on my collar, dear. I used my shirt to wipe it off my old feller."

several times. He claims this activity is the work of drug pushers and "Labor hooligans". His public statements are legendary as prime examples of right-wing extremism, but he consistently wins votes for the Queensland National Party. Pressed to define "all known crocodiles" Tenni replied: "By that I mean *all* crocodiles, from the day they come out of the egg until they're fully grown. I want my electorate to be a crocodile-free zone." He went on to comment that, although he deplored the indiscriminate shooting on the Daintree River, he "wouldn't want to be the one to tell those people up there to stop, otherwise I might get a bullet myself".

Tenni's plan outraged conservationists, animal welfare groups, and just about everybody else. In spite of his claims that he was backed all the way by his constituents, public debate was weighing heavily against him. A National Parks and Wildlife Service statement declared that "removal of all crocodiles from north Queensland rivers would be unrealistic". Keith De Lacy said: "Among my own constituents in Cairns, a ground-swell of opinion against crocodiles certainly doesn't exist, and I consider Martin Tenni's outbursts to be ridiculous, bordering on paranoia."

But Tenni was adamant. "I'm not going to back off this time," he said. "I'll fight, and I'll fight it all the way, and the greenies and environmentalists can all go to billy-o."

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Although crocodile farming is in operation in the Northern Territory, and two farms, at Edward River and Rockhampton, already exist in Queensland, strict control in accordance with the United Nations Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Flora and Fauna (CITES) is placed on their activities and procedures. In the Northern Territory, what is known as "ranching" of crocodiles occurs. This means that crocodiles and/or eggs are taken from the wild, and the offspring from that stock is used for skins. In Queensland, however, a genetic term called F2 breeding is used to describe a different program — namely, that only skins from second generation crocodiles bred from wild stock can be used.

Dr Lesley Clark, president of the Cairns branch of the Wildlife Preservation Society, is concerned that if the Queensland Government supports Harry Freeman's bid to breed crocodiles, and the official international guidelines aren't in place when the first skins are ready for export, yet another confrontation could develop between the Sunshine State and the federal government. "Nobody can export skins legally unless proper management plans have been implemented," she said. "If this has not been done, we may be faced with a challenge to federal legislation by the Queensland National Party, or they will attempt to circumvent the legislation in some way, or ignore it altogether. Our Wildlife Society is not against farming in principle, but we're very concerned about the conservation of whole species — in this case the Australian salt-water crocodile."

But Martin Tenni, a seasoned foe of conservationist forces, is not a bit worried. "It will take four to five years to set up an industry to the point where skins are ready," he said, "and by that time this socialist government won't be in office anyway, so that problem just won't exist."

On Friday, January 31, in a Queensland Cabinet reshuffle, Martin Tenni was switched from his Environment portfolio to Water Resources and Maritime Services.

•

But fate had yet another hand to deal in this grim human saga. On February 11, seven weeks after the bizarre disappearance of Beryl Wruck, while the township of Daintree contined to simmer with barely contained hostility, tragedy struck again in the Far North. In a coincidence which stretches the limits of credence, 31-year-old Catherine Anne McQuarrie, trawler deck-

"We are all guilty," a Daintree resident said. "We should have known better. The crocodile is not at fault... he has got to eat."

hand, took her last swim in the isolated waters of Van Rook Creek, a tributary of the Staaten River situated about 130 km north of the prawn fishing town of Karumba. She and skipper Bob McNeil had been checking nets for barramundi when the outboard motor on their dinghy broke down, three kays downstream from their fishing vessel, *Kiama*. They walked back along the mangrove-tangled creek bank to the spot closest to the *Kiama*. On board, fisherman Des Trimble watched the two enter the water and start swimming. McNeil reached the boat first. As he turned to assist McQuarrie, barely three metres away, a crocodile lunged and took her. In a few heartbeats, Kate McQuarrie was dead. It was Barratt Creek all over again.

Like Beryl Wruck, Kate McQuarrie was everybody's friend. She was a happy-go-lucky type, completely at home in the male-dominated knockabout world of trawler fishing. They called her Captain Kate, due to the fact that she held a mariner's ticket in her own right — a rare accomplishment in Australia. Kate was an old hand in the Gulf waters and coastlands of Cape York. Fishing was her life, all she ever wanted to do. She knew the risks. She knew about sharks, drownings at sea — and crocodiles. Like her companions in the Gulf fishing fraternity, she accepted nature's terms, and took her chances.

But why did Kate enter the water that day? The crocodile issue had been a hot debating point for weeks, and she had taken part in discussions. "There's just no way you could get me to swim in these rivers," she was heard to say after Beryl Wruck died. Yet it was only 30 metres or so out to the *Kiama*, a short swim, and there was no other way to get back on board. There were no other fishing boats nearby, and it would have been a hell of a night camped out in the mangroves. Like Beryl Wruck, Kate McQuarrie took a chance with her life, and lost.

The next day Trimble and McNeil sighted the mutilated body of their friend enmeshed in a fishing net, strung out from the boat to the creek bank. Horrified, they watched as a 5.5 metre crocodile tugged at the body. Trimble fired a round of high-powered bullets at the crocodile. It rolled and vanished. Kate McQuarrie's body was recovered from the water later that day, when a police party arrived from Karumba. The crocodile was not found.

Crocodile hysteria was again rampant. Martin Tenni was born again, pressing home his demands for removal of the animals from the wild. He was backed up by the State Northern Development Minister, Bob Katter jnr. Katter called for a "thinning out" of crocodile numbers in remote river areas, because of increasing penetration of these previously inaccessible regions by parties of tourists. But Karumba resident and Gulf Savannah Tourist Organisation chairman Bill Ennis expressed a need for a calm approach to the problem. He stated that Kate McQuarrie made an error in judgement, and her death should not be viewed out of perspective. "The Gulf savannah is a wilderness area where taking chances is a way of life," he said. "Crocodiles and the Gulf go together, and to maintain this balance, crocodiles have to be viewed as an occupational hazard in remote and wilderness areas."

•

Along the waters of the Daintree River, the memory of Beryl Wruck will haunt the minds of those who knew her. Now, the spirit of Kate McQuarrie joins her. Two women, alike in many ways, linked together in the finality of death. They loved the freedom of outdoors life, the feeling of individualism. In the end, the natural laws of a wilderness killed them.

"We are all guilty," a Daintree resident said. "We should have known better. The crocodile is not at fault, because the river is his environment, and he has got to eat."

Feelings of guilt, resentment and anger will eventually fade. But before they do, a lot of water will flow down from northern rivers to the ocean, many shots will sound, and many crocodiles will die.

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SEX NEWS

Our sex advisers bring you the latest sex news and views.

At 24 I have been married for five years and have a two-year-old child. My wife and I get along fine — except in bed. About two years ago the spark just went out of our lovemaking. She no longer likes things that used to turn her on, or she says sex hurts. When I climax it feels lousy because I feel guilty. I think she does her part only because she feels she has to.

I have tried to get her to try new things but she's either not interested or she doesn't like my new ideas. She will not even try something before rejecting it. She doesn't get horny on her own, either. The only time she has the urge at all is when I arouse her and then she's only slightly turned on.

After two years of this I am frustrated, to say the least. I wake up in the middle of the night making love to my wife without even knowing what is going on. I even went so far as to make a date with another woman to get some decent sex. But I didn't go through with it, I love my wife and son and don't want us to break up. So please, help us.

— F.W., Qld.

It is hardly a coincidence that the spark went out of your lovemaking just at the time your baby arrived on the scene. It is very common for women to experience a drop in libido when they are coping with the demands of a new baby. It is one of the most stressful times in a woman's life as she struggles to cope with the uncertainty of her new role as mother, the effects on her relationship with you, the fatigue and physical exhaustion which result from broken nights and the labor involved with feeding, carrying, bathing and washing the child.

Then there are physiological effects which can result from the rapid changes in hormones as a woman moves from pregnancy, perhaps through breast feeding to the post-partum recovery stage. A woman's sexuality may also suffer due to her concern about body image — it's hardly the time in her life when she feels most physically attractive. Your wife is also finding sex painful. This may be a result of damage to the genitals during the birth. Did you arrange for a doctor interested in sexual counselling to examine her after the birth? Stitches following an episiotomy can cause discomfort and sometimes there is painful scarring following the healing of tears or cuts around the vaginal opening.

It may be necessary to take special precautions during penetration and perhaps adapt the positions you use for lovemaking if there are areas which are particularly tender. If she doesn't enjoy lovemaking and isn't turned on, it is likely she is not reaching the stage of arousal necessary for natural lubrication of the vagina. Sex with a dry vagina *is* painful and the more you have sex in these circumstances, the more it is likely to hurt. It is very important you do not continue to have sex when it is causing pain because this can easily lead to a situation where the woman's vaginal muscles become increasingly tense in response to her fear of pain. Eventually the vaginal muscles can go into spasm whenever you attempt to have sex (vaginismus), a situation which naturally can have serious effects on your sexual relationship.

We suggest you do seek the help of a medical practitioner experienced in sexual counselling. (The Family Planning Association in your area will recommend an appropriate person.) The counsellor would be able to talk to your wife and help her find ways of increasing her interest in lovemaking. It's very easy for a woman to get

into a rut in these circumstances, particularly when she has been having sex without enjoying it for a long time. She needs someone to talk to who can understand her feelings and motivate her to explore new means of reviving that spark.

My companion and I are both serious joggers. The night before a race, we often indulge in intercourse but he will not ejaculate; he prefers to abstain and "save his energy" for the race. I don't believe this makes any difference at all.

Is he really conserving energy when he abstains from coming? Does my energy level suffer because I have orgasms? Does sex have any effect at all on our performances?

— P.M., NSW.

Not so long ago one of Australia's best known swimming stars was talking about the question of abstinence before the big race. He listed the names of some of our great swimmers who made a practice of indulging in vigorous sexual exercise before Olympic events — and it obviously didn't do their performance much harm. As he said, the energy involved in luring someone into bed usually far exceeds the energy expended when you finally get there!

It really is a very strange notion that you save energy by avoiding ejaculation. When you think about it, intercourse is such a variable feast involving all sorts of energy expenditure. It depends on who's doing all the puffing and panting, how long it lasts, who's on top, how fit you are — any number of factors. Some years ago someone produced a wonderful little book called *The Dieters' Guide To Weight Loss During Sex* which allocated calories for every conceivable aspect of lovemaking, eg:

Removing clothes	
— with partner's consent	12 calories
— without partner's consent	187 calories
Constantly resisting frustrated partner who is desperately trying to push your head towards sexually sensitive areas	35 calories
Sustaining erection	5 calories
Losing erection	¼ calorie
Searching for it	15 calories

Joking apart, there are all sorts of aspects of sex which may or may not use up energy, and abstaining from ejaculation really isn't going to tip the balance all that much. Your boyfriend is clinging to old-fashioned notions about orgasms sapping the strength. There's no real evidence for this, but it does induce feelings of relaxation — and hence is likely to lead to a good night's sleep (just what you need before a big race). And there actually was research in England some years ago which showed sex prior to athletic events had more positive than negative effects on the athletes concerned. Still, in the end he's the one who has to decide what's best for him when it comes to preparing for such an event and if he feels tense about having sex or ejaculating, then perhaps he's better off without it.

I am 16 years old and very worried about being a premature ejaculator. I have only ever been with one girl and am too embarrassed to go with another for fear of being ridiculed. When with this girl I climaxed after only about two or three minutes and from what I've heard sex is supposed to last 15 minutes or so. But in Australian PLAYBOY (January 1985) you said copulation lasts about two minutes. I thought copulation was sexual intercourse. Can you please tell me who is right as I am very confused and worried? If I am premature, can you suggest some ways to stay longer? Also when I am about to climax my glans is very sore. Why is this?

— S.C., Qld.

If sex always lasted 15 minutes, a lot more of us would be late for work or suffer from even more late nights. It's probably true that, on average, sex only lasts a couple of minutes. . . and that is certainly a far from ideal situation. Sometimes we settle for a quickie because there is a train to catch, sometimes we don't know how to slow things down, sometimes we don't know any better. Most therapists now refuse to define premature ejaculation in terms of the number of minutes you can last. They prefer instead to talk about whether or not you can last longer if you want to, or if your partner wants to.

VOLUNTARY SEXUAL ORGASM

From California — where else? — comes a fascinating little book which combines the latest ideas from 1980s sex research with ancient Chinese lovecraft, and exotic sexual techniques gathered from all over the world. The book, *Sexual Energy Ecstasy* by David Alan Ramsdale and Ellen Jo Dorfman (published by Peak Skill, PO Box 5489, Playa Del Ray, California 90296), contains an extraordinary collection of sexual exotica.

It's interesting to note how many modern sexual ideas have their roots in ancient practices, particularly from Eastern cultures. To give some examples which may be particularly relevant to those of you who experience problems with ejaculation control, here are some ideas from the book designed to help men achieve what the authors call "voluntary sexual orgasm":

Enter Soft: With a little practice and adequate lubrication, be it nature's own or not, entry while completely or partially soft is perfectly feasible. The advantage is you are starting from scratch. The treat for some women is to feel their partner's manhood grow inside. Vegetable oil on either or both sex organs may ease penetration. Soft entry may be easier if she lies on her side and he enters her vagina from the rear. The ancient Chinese formula for ejaculation control was "Enter soft, leave hard." Typically, men enter hard. By entering soft instead, time spent achieving erection is time spent stimulating her as well.

In Deep and Circle: In and out again and again is not necessarily the winning thrusting strategy. Put your hands underneath her buttocks. A pillow there may work as well. It helps if you have something to push against with your feet, such as the wall. You can even grasp her shoulders and pull if this is comfortable for her. Circle and dance with your pelvis. Your penis is less stimulated but your satisfaction, as well as

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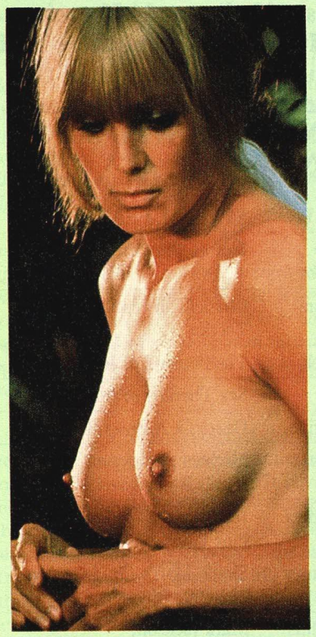

BORIS BECKER: BUDDING TENNIS SUPERBRAT OR ONE-HIT WONDER?

WHY MORE **MARRIED MEN** ARE HAVING AFFAIRS.

RETURN TO EDEN: IS GLAMOROUS **REBECCA GILLING** AUSTRALIA'S ANSWER TO JOAN COLLINS?

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hers, may actually be more.

Intensive Exercise: One of the best ways to prolong erection and control ejaculation easily during intercourse may be to engage in a vigorous daily exercise program. Athletes are known for their ability to delay ejaculation during intercourse. They may be more gifted to begin with, but their intensive exercise schedules could have something to do with it. Be sure to obtain your physician's consent before embarking on such a rigorous exercise program. Cardiovascular exercise is not the only kind of exercise that may have this effect. Intensive daily hatha yoga, T'ai Chi and other soft exercise styles may have a similar effect.

Focused exercise just before making love has also been reported to increase potency and ejaculation control. The key does not seem to be any particular kind of exercise. Concentration of mind in body as you move, and choosing movements that bring you real enjoyment seem to be the key factors.

Pull Out: That's right, just pull out. Pulling out hard is an effective and easy way to reduce ejaculatory urgency and prolong intercourse. Not only that, it can add to the erotic tension. If just pulling out doesn't reduce your ejaculatory urgency enough, apply the Masters and Johnson squeeze technique. She puts her thumb behind the head of the penis and squeezes firmly. In other words, her thumb is at the top of the penis on the side facing your body and her fingers are on the side facing the other way. This can be done with one or two hands. She needs to do this firmly and your verbal feedback is helpful if for no other reason than she may think she is hurting you. This method of pulling out is used if you want to re-enter her. Pressure on the pubic region immediately above the penis will also delay ejaculation.

Thrusting Sequences: Thrusting sequences put method in your madness. This stylistic choice has been receiving rave reviews from women for many centuries now, so on that basis alone it is worth trying. What we call "Chinese Nines" translates in practice to nine shallow — one deep. Three, five and seven shallow is also good. Variations in depth, angle of penetration as well as speed of thrust or withdrawal are also worth consideration.

The Turtle: The Turtle is an ancient Chinese health exercise so named because it imitates the craning movement of the turtle as he sticks his head out from his shell. To perform the Turtle, pull out so you are just barely inside the vagina. Arch your back, stretch your neck, roll your head back and lower the shoulders. Close your eyes and mouth, mentally go within, press the tip of the tongue against the soft palate (the tongue press), flare your nostrils and take several complete breaths. Perform the Turtle when you are highly aroused to delay ejaculation. It is said to send energy up to the thymus, thyroid and brain. A simple Taoist technique is to suddenly lift your head, pop your eyes wide open and look to the right, left, up and down. At the same time, contract your lower belly. This should help delay ejaculation.

Sounds wonderful, doesn't it? But we think it is worth warning your lover first before trying the Turtle. Otherwise she may decide it's all a bit too much.

Sexual Energy Ecstasy also contains more about what they call "the prostate point", the perineum between the anus and the scrotum. The authors point out that pressure on the prostate point has been used for many centuries as a means of controlling ejaculation:

"The technique itself is quite simple. Push with one or two fingers up and into the perineum. The correct point is central between the anus and the scrotum just behind the root of the penis. Acupuncture locates a major point there. According to Chinese sexology, if the man does it for himself he should use the index and middle fingers of his left hand. Some couples will find this technique easier to apply if the man withdraws briefly.

"The push can be a long and firm pressure, accompanied by exhalation. Encourage yourself to feel a sense of relief as you do this. Or the push can be a rhythmic pulsing action. You will probably find it more pleasurable when she applies the pressure and does it for you. This is the way the Arabs have done it for many centuries."

The authors believe that prostate stimulation tends to delay orgasm when a man is not yet close to it and bring on an orgasm if the man is highly aroused. So to delay orgasm and prolong the stage of excitation and arousal it must be applied well before the man reaches the point of no return.

They warn that applying prostate pressure just before ejaculation has quite a different effect. This last minute prostate pressure was apparently originally known as *coitus saxonus* and according to the authors can result in the ejaculate being blocked and forced into the bladder. They believe this technique carries some risks and suggest it should not be used as a regular practice but regarded as an interesting experiment which can result in quite different orgasmic sensations. They also mention a "look man, no hands" version of *coitus saxonus* which they refer to as semen stopping. "This can be performed during intercourse and is made much easier if the man is on his back. Immediately before ejaculation, clench your PC and rectal muscles and hold your breath. You will experience all the sensations of orgasm with very little if any ejaculation."

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't always reply to each reader.

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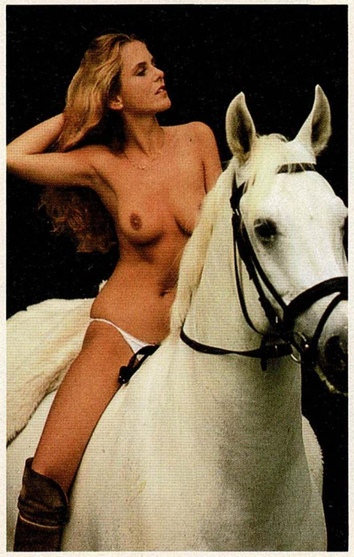
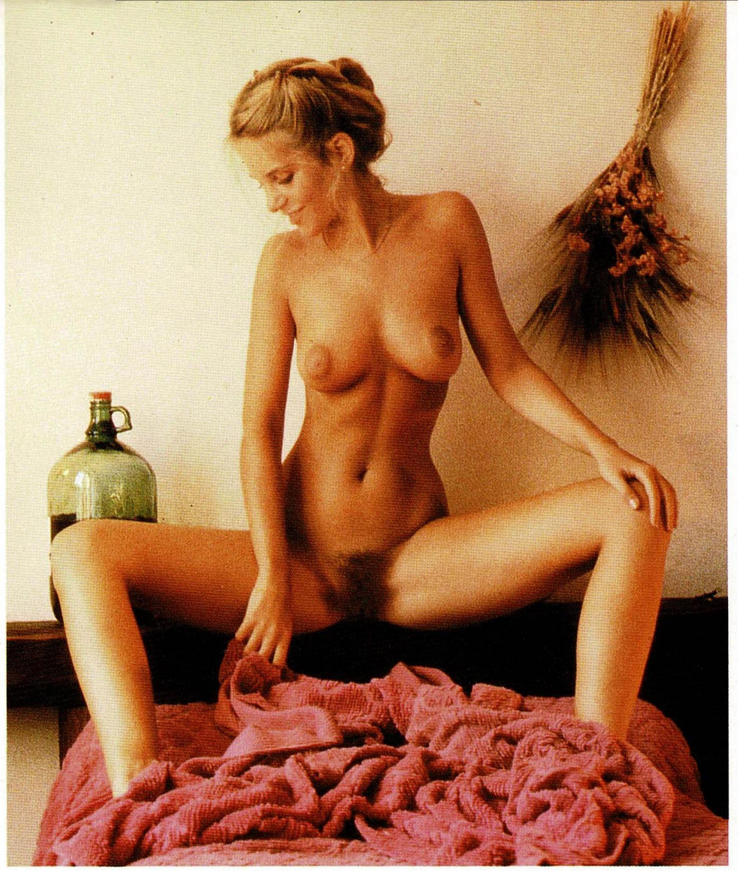
Alternative photos from the more explicit NSW/VIC version

Marcia admits that she's never had much interest in reading or formal study. "If I want to learn something new," she says, "I prefer to go out and experience it rather than just reading about it. Take sex, for example. I was 16 when I first slept with a man. That was early but it was very good and since then I've had a free attitude toward sex. I can make love anywhere. Even in the elevator between floors if necessary!" Going down, gentlemen?

Our level-headed Miss June says that she's turned on by humanity, eccentricity, aesthetics, the sun and classical music. When we asked her to tell us her hobbies, she just replied, "Love!" A few seconds later she admitted that swimming and horse-riding also rate highly on her list of favorite things. "What I don't like," says Marcia, "are people who are intolerant, dishonest and jealous. And I can't stand pessimistic types. I guess the man I'm looking for won't be any of those things. In fact, he'll be just like me."





As Kathleen Turner in **Body Heat**

Gorgeous Christine Richters is looking for a stable relationship. Something like marriage will do. Now, before you start deluging us with applications, it should be pointed out that Christine is looking for a very special man. "Most men are the same," she laments. "I know what all those blokes are like at nightclubs. I don't want to have to go to bed with all those guys, and that's what they expect. That's just the way men are. So I'm afraid to get into those situations. They make me nervous. I don't even want to deal with that singles scene. I'd just rather get married and not have to worry about anything!"
Christine loves animals and nurtures a secret desire to work in a wild animal park. "This may sound silly," she laughs, "but I want to buy my own baby tiger." To protect her from all those predatory males? "No, no," she protests. "Actually I've just got a new Persian kitten!" As for other pursuits, Christine says she watches a lot of TV, sees heaps of movies at the cinema and occasionally goes horse-riding in the mountains near her home. Filling in time? Maybe.

But Christine is holding out for that special man to come along. "Sometimes I wish I was like Alexis in Dynasty," she says. "Now there's a woman who, one way or another, always gets what she wants!"

SEX

Bettina Arndt, Australia's leading sexologist, brings you the latest sex news and views.

Is it true that women of eligible age, who are involved in regular and intensive physical activity (such as sports and athletic training), have extremely high sexual demands?

For example there have been rumors that more than one of the powerfully built East German women, who compete regularly in sports at competitive international level, choose to have sexual encounters with several powerfully built and extremely virile Negro men at any one time.

It is alleged that one man of only average sexual capacity is not enough to satisfy these very athletic East German women.

— R.N.H., NT.

Hmmm! It's obvious what type of women turn you on! What a wonderful fantasy — the rippling muscles of a strong, athletic East German woman joined with not one, but *several* powerful black men.

Having consulted an expert in the field of sports medicine and sports psychology, I regret to have to pour cold, or at least lukewarm water on those smouldering fantasies. There's no real reason to assume athletes have stronger sexual drives than us more ordinary mortals, although apparently there once was a female Canadian weight thrower renowned for her ravenous appetite and there have been a number of Australian female swimmers known for giving their colleagues a good workout before major events. However, the massive changes to body type required to develop the athletic ability required for international events can also play havoc with a woman's sexuality. Her periods sometimes stop altogether while she is competing, and her libido is more likely to be dampened than enhanced by the extreme physical exertion involved. (The steroids and protein supplements used by athletes and swimmers aren't always conducive to a strong sex drive.)

Sorry about that, but dream on. There's no harm in wishful thinking. Perhaps you should set your sights a little lower, and pop down to your local aerobics class or gym. There *is* evidence that people who are physically fit are more likely to have healthy libidos — perhaps you should even consider joining a class and while you are jumping up and down, chances are you will be surrounded by women who do have the strong sexual appetites you dream about.

I think I've found my girlfriend's G Spot (at least I assume that's what it is). I insert two or three fingers into her vagina and sort of rub them against the front of it, on the wall nearest her stomach. When I use this firm, stroking motion (rather like digging gently in sand), she says she feels this incredible sensation and often this builds up to a great orgasm. When I do this for a long time I can feel a lump in the area. Is this normal? Also we'd like to know what positions we should use to hit the spot during intercourse. Can you touch it with the penis?

— B.G., Vic.

It sounds as if you have found the G Spot. The rubbing motion you use is just the type of stimulation the G Spot enjoys — firm upward stroking. It's very different from the gentle, tickling stimulation the clitoris normally enjoys, involving much more pressure. It *is* normal for the G Spot to swell up during stimulation; the erogenous zone

can double in size when the woman is excited.

For those of you who have searched in vain for the elusive spot, it's worth exploring with this stroking motion right around the top walls of the vagina (the front top end when she's lying on her back), up to the cervix and down toward the vaginal entrance. Although it's usually about halfway in, it does seem to vary in position from woman to woman. Try also using another hand (yours or hers) to push down from the outside on the lower abdomen while you are exploring inside. This pushes the vaginal walls toward the exploring fingers. And if you still have no luck, don't worry about it. There are plenty of women who don't seem to have this particular erogenous zone — they have their own special secret delights. . . perhaps sensitive earlobes, nipples, necks or toes.

The easiest positions for making contact with the G Spot are usually the rear entry positions, with the man entering the woman from behind, either with both kneeling or him lying on top of her (try arching back in this position). You can also use woman-on-top positions, with the woman kneeling — here it may help if you lean back so the penis rubs against the front wall of the vagina. Once you know exactly where the G Spot is located, it's also possible to make contact in a range of other positions. It will take some wriggling around and plenty of communication between you to explore all the possibilities, but you'll have a lot of fun in the process. Happy hunting!

At 24 I have been married for five years and have a two-year-old child. My wife and I get along fine — except in bed. About two years ago the spark just went out of our lovemaking. She no longer likes things that used to turn her on, or she says sex hurts. When I climax it feels lousy because I feel guilty. I think she does her part only because she feels she has to.

I have tried to get her to try new things but she's either not interested or she doesn't like my new ideas. She will not even try something before rejecting it. She doesn't get horny on her own, either. The only time she has the urge at all is when I arouse her and then she's only slightly turned on.

After two years of this I am frustrated, to say the least. I wake up in the middle of the night making love to my wife without even knowing what is going on. I even went so far as to make a date with another woman to get some decent sex. But I didn't go through with it, I love my wife and son and don't want us to break up. So please, help us.

— F.W., Qld.

It is hardly a coincidence that the spark went out of your lovemaking just at the time your baby arrived on the scene. It is very common for women to experience a drop in libido when they are coping with the demands of a new baby. It is one of the most stressful times in a woman's life as she struggles to cope with the uncertainty of her new role as mother, the effects on her relationship with you, the fatigue and physical exhaustion which result from broken nights and the labor involved with feeding, carrying, bathing and washing the child.

Then there are physiological effects which can result from the rapid changes in hormones as a woman moves from pregnancy, perhaps through breast feeding

to the post-partum recovery stage. A woman's sexuality may also suffer due to her concern about body image — it's hardly the time in her life when she feels most physically attractive. Your wife is also finding sex painful. This may be a result of damage to the genitals during the birth. Did you arrange for a doctor interested in sexual counselling to examine her after the birth? Stitches following an episiotomy can cause discomfort and sometimes there is painful scarring following the healing of tears or cuts around the vaginal opening.

It may be necessary to take special precautions during penetration and perhaps adapt the positions you use for lovemaking if there are areas which are particularly tender. If she doesn't enjoy lovemaking and isn't turned on, it is likely she is not reaching the stage of arousal necessary for natural lubrication of the vagina. Sex with a dry vagina *is* painful and the more you have sex in these circumstances, the more it is likely to hurt. It is very important you do not continue to have sex when it is causing pain because this can easily lead to a situation where the woman's vaginal muscles become increasingly tense in response to her fear of pain. Eventually the vaginal muscles can go into spasm whenever you attempt to have sex (vaginismus), a situation which naturally can have serious effects on your sexual relationship.

We suggest you do seek the help of a medical practitioner experienced in sexual counselling. (The Family Planning Association in your area will recommend an appropriate person.) The counsellor would be able to talk to your wife and help her find ways of increasing her interest in lovemaking. It's very easy for a woman to get into a rut in these circumstances, particularly when she has been having sex without enjoying it for a long time. She needs someone to talk to who can understand her feelings and motivate her to explore new means of reviving that spark.

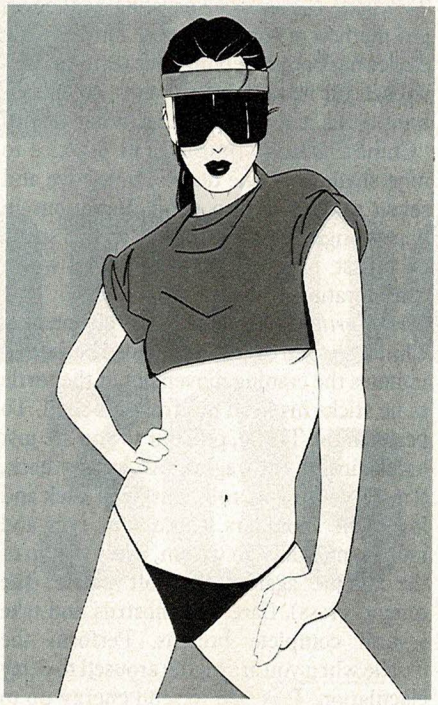
I am a young, inexperienced man aged 20. I am dating a woman and we have had sexual intercourse. It didn't seem all that successful and she asked me if I knew any other positions for having intercourse. I said I didn't and then she said I was too young to have sex.

Can you please describe some of the positions in sexual intercourse?

— I.T., NT.

You haven't told me what position you used that first time. However, I suspect it would have been one of the variations on the male-superior, missionary position. I have never really understood why people make such a fuss about positions and seem to find it hard to work out variations on the basic theme.

It's really all very simple indeed. Taking the missionary position first, you can achieve nice variations on that by changing the position of the woman's legs, from stretched out straight outside yours, to knees bent outside, to stretched out straight in between your legs (this one pushes her pelvis up and increases her clitoral stimulation). Then she can raise her knees towards her head, either wrapping her legs around your waist or pulling them right up over your shoulders (you have to raise yourself on your elbows and knees for the latter position but it provides much deeper penetration). Then there are all the rear entry positions where she kneels or lies on her stomach and you enter from behind (it often helps to put a pillow under her pelvis for this particular variation), or the popular female superior positions where the woman kneels over the man and lowers herself on to his penis (she can then lie forward or lean backwards if she prefers). But some of the *best* positions of all are variations on the side-to-side positions, particularly the scissors position where you lie on your sides, facing each other locked together at the pelvis but free to move arms and legs — hence the tag of scissors. Many sex therapists recommend this position because



it's wonderfully relaxing, allows lots of clitoral and breast stimulation, and generally provides the best of all worlds.

I have heard little about cancers and other male genital disorders due to the male/female information imbalance, and I think you provide a terrific service to help lessen the gap. Much has been written, for example, about female breast cancer and self-examination and it is an uncommon female who is not informed.

I'd like to know more about this topic. May I suggest that you include it in the Sex column.

— J.K., WA.

There was a wealth of advice on male health in the August '85 Australian PLAYBOY sex column. It's encouraging to see more and more men appreciating this magazine's continuing efforts to correct the imbalance between the vast amount of sex information addressed to women and the meagre portions aimed at the Aussie male. We'll keep you posted when any further sexual news breaks.

VOLUNTARY SEXUAL ORGASM

From California — where else? — comes a fascinating little book which combines the latest ideas from 1980s sex research with ancient Chinese lovecraft, and exotic sexual techniques gathered from all over the world. The book, *Sexual Energy Ecstasy* by David Alan Ramsdale and Ellen Jo Dorfman (published by Peak Skill, PO Box 5489, Playa Del Ray, California 90296), contains an extraordinary collection.

It's interesting to note how many modern sexual ideas have their roots in ancient practices, particularly from Eastern cultures. To give some examples which may be particularly relevant to those of you who experience problems with ejaculation control, here are some ideas from the book designed to help men achieve what the authors call "voluntary sexual orgasm":

Enter Soft: With a little practice and adequate lubrication, be it nature's own or not, entry while completely or partially soft is perfectly feasible. The advantage is you are starting from scratch. The treat for some women is to feel their partner's manhood grow inside. Vegetable oil on either or both sex organs may ease penetration. Soft entry may be easier if she lies on her side and he enters her vagina from the rear. The ancient Chinese formula for ejaculation control was "Enter soft, leave hard." Typically, men enter hard. By entering soft instead, time spent achieving erection is time spent stimulating her as well.

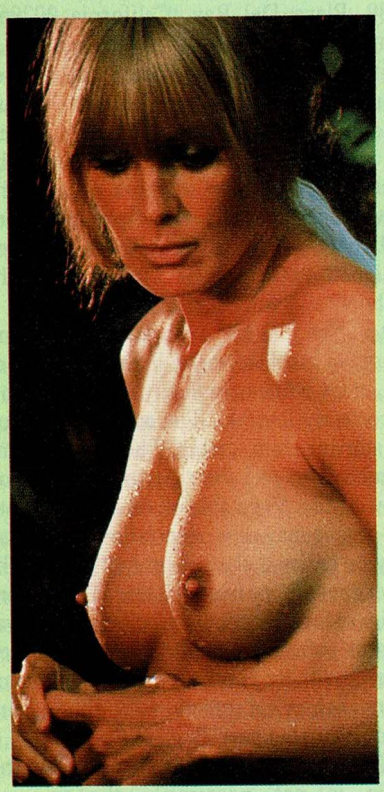
In Deep and Circle: In and out again and again is not necessarily the winning thrusting strategy. Put your hands underneath her buttocks. A pillow there may work as well. It helps if you have something to push against with your feet, such as the wall. You can even grasp her shoulders and pull if this is comfortable for her. Circle and dance with your pelvis. Your penis is less stimulated but your satisfaction, as well as hers, may be more.

Intensive Exercise: One of the best ways to prolong erection and control ejaculation easily during intercourse may be to engage in a vigorous daily exercise program. Athletes are known for their ability to delay ejaculation during intercourse. They may be more gifted to begin with, but their intensive exercise schedules could have something to do with it. Be sure to obtain your physician's consent before embarking on such a rigorous exercise program. Cardiovascular exercise is not the only kind of exercise that may have this effect. Intensive daily hatha yoga, T'ai Chi and other soft exercise styles may have a similar effect.

Focused exercise just before making love has also been reported to increase potency and ejaculation control. The key does not

NEXT MONTH

THE PRIME TIME OF **LINDA EVANS**: A PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO *DYNASTY*'S DAZZLER.



BORIS BECKER: BUDDING TENNIS SUPERBRAT OR ONE-HIT WONDER?

WHY MORE **MARRIED MEN** ARE HAVING AFFAIRS.

RETURN TO EDEN: IS GLAMOROUS **REBECCA GILLING** AUSTRALIA'S ANSWER TO JOAN COLLINS?

OZ BEER WARS: HOW OUR TASTES ARE BEING MANIPULATED.

AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTE OF SPORT: BREEDING GROUND FOR FUTURE CHAMPIONS.

seem to be any particular kind of exercise. Concentration of mind in body as you move, and choosing movements that bring you real enjoyment seem to be the key factors.

Pull Out: That's right, just pull out. Pulling out hard is an effective and easy way to reduce ejaculatory urgency and prolong intercourse. Not only that, it can add to the erotic tension. If just pulling out doesn't reduce your ejaculatory urgency enough, apply the Masters and Johnson squeeze technique. She puts her thumb behind the head of the penis and squeezes firmly. In other words, her thumb is at the top of the penis on the side facing your body and her fingers are on the side facing the other way. This can be done with one or two hands. She needs to do this firmly and your verbal feedback is helpful if for no other reason than she may think she is hurting you. This method of pulling out is used if you want to re-enter her. Pressure on the pubic region immediately above the penis will also delay ejaculation.

Thrusting Sequences: Thrusting sequences put method in your madness. This stylistic choice has been receiving rave reviews from women for many centuries now, so on that basis alone it is worth trying. What we call "Chinese Nines" translates in practice to nine shallow — one deep. Three, five and seven shallow is also good. Variations in depth, angle of penetration as well as speed of thrust or withdrawal are also worth consideration.

The Turtle: The Turtle is an ancient Chinese health exercise so named because it imitates the craning movement of the turtle as he sticks his head out from his shell. To perform the Turtle, pull out so you are just barely inside the vagina. Arch your back, stretch your neck, roll your head back and lower the shoulders. Close your eyes and mouth, mentally go within, press the tip of the tongue against the soft palate (the tongue press), flare your nostrils and take several complete breaths. Perform the Turtle when you are highly aroused to delay ejaculation. It is said to send energy up to the thymus, thyroid and brain. A simple Taoist technique is to suddenly lift your head, pop your eyes wide open and look to the right, left, up and down. At the same time, contract your lower belly. This should help delay ejaculation.

Sounds wonderful, doesn't it? But we think it is worth warning your lover first before trying the Turtle. Otherwise she may decide it's all a bit too much.

Sexual Energy Ecstasy also contains more about what they call "the prostate point", the perineum between the anus and the scrotum. The authors point out that pressure on the prostate point has been used for many centuries as a means of controlling ejaculation:

"The technique itself is quite simple. Push with one or two fingers up and into the perineum. The correct point is central between the anus and the scrotum just behind the root of the penis. Acupuncture locates a major point there. According to Chinese sexology, if the man does it for himself he should use the index and middle fingers of his left hand. Some couples will find this technique easier to apply if the man withdraws briefly.

"The push can be a long and firm pressure, accompanied by exhalation. Encourage yourself to feel a sense of relief as you do this. Or the push can be a rhythmic pulsing action. You will probably find it more pleasurable when she applies the pressure and does it for you. This is the way the Arabs have done it for many centuries."

The authors believe that prostate stimulation tends to delay orgasm when a man is not yet close to it and bring on an orgasm if the man is highly aroused. So to delay orgasm and prolong the stage of excitation and arousal it must be applied well before the man reaches the point of no return.

They warn that applying prostate pressure just before ejaculation has quite a different effect. This last minute prostate pressure was apparently originally known as *coitus saxonus* and according to the authors can result in the ejaculate being blocked and forced into the bladder. They believe this technique carries some risks and suggest it should not be used as a regular practice but regarded as an interesting experiment which can result in quite different orgasmic sensations. They also mention a "look man, no hands" version of *coitus saxonus* which they refer to as semen stopping. "This can be performed during intercourse and is made much easier if the man is on his back. Immediately before ejaculation, clench your PC and rectal muscles and hold your breath. You will experience all the sensations of orgasm with very little if any ejaculation.

"This technique is much more dramatic when performed as masturbation because nothing comes out even though you felt the orgasmic sensations. Like *coitus saxonus*, this is an interesting item to play with a little; however, you can overstress the prostate and other parts of your urinary and genital ducts doing this. If nothing else, though, semen stopping is a vivid demonstration of the power of the sexual muscles in the man."

So there you are — all sorts of new ideas for sexual devotees. I'd be interested to hear from males who experiment with some of these ideas to see how effective they are in ejaculation control. Write and tell me how you get on — and let me know how she coped with the Turtle!

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.